

SION in DISTRESS:
OR, THE
GROANS
OF THE
Protestant
CHURCH.

The Second Edition Corrected and Amended.

Lam. I. 12. *Is there any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow?*

Verf. 17. *Sion spreadeth forth her Arms, and there is
none to comfort her.*

Verf. 25. *Behold, O Lord, I am in DISTRESS!*

————— *Quis talia Fando*
'Temperet a lachrimis? ————— Virgil.

L O N D O N :

Printed by George Larkin, for Enoch Prosser, at the
Sign of the Rose and Crown in Sweetbriars-Alley,
at the East End of the Royal-Exchange. 1682.

Manuscript 20.838 Dele

t
t
c
r
a
t
S
C
c
b
p
L

G
th
th
th

To the READER.

YOU are here presented with a *Re-viv'd Poem*, with such Additions and Enlargement as makes it very different from the first Impression. It is suited to the Present State of the *Protestant Church*, shewing the *Causes* of her present *Calamity*, with an Enumeration of some *Prevailing Sins*; the *Plots* and *Contrivances* of *ROME* against *SION*; the Marks of the *Antichristian Beast* and *Scarlet Whore*, with her *Arraignment* and *Condemnation*, (illustrated in difficult places with Marginal Notes.) Also some probable Discoveries of the Churches Redemption, and the approaching Glory of the Latter Day.

We have now a plain Prospect (by the Gracious Discoveries of Providence) of those Horrid and Execrable Plots, which the restless Adversary has contriv'd against the Peace and very Being of *SION*, and

To the Reader.

which were much in the dark when my *Muse* first bewail'd its condition, and suspected that this *Epidemical Mischief* (now *Reveal'd*) was then a hatching.

In a Subject of Grief, a quaint and ornamental Method is not to be expected: for an abrupt and sobbing Delivery is more natural in the Delineations of Sorrow, than a studied well-poiz'd and artificial Harangue. The Subject is Divine, and too lofty for so weak a *Muse*; which I hope will oblige the Generous Reader to a candid and mild Construction. I have writ according to the measure of Light received, and have contributed my Mite (in a well-meaning Spirit) to reduce us to our Selves.

Against the *Reigning Evils* which expose us to Temporal and Spiritual Enemies, many *Wholesome Precepts* from *Scripture* and *Reason* are given.

The *Rise, Progress, and Persecutions* of the *Man of Sin*, are succinctly delivered, with the Evidence of Approved *Historians*, (some of them *Papists*) whose *Evidence* against *Themselves* ought to be convincing.

To the Reader.

vincing. There can't be too many *Defendants* against so Vigorous an *Assailant* as Rome is.

There are many Excellent Tracts that discover the *Villanies* of Popery, and I wish they were more Common. It is a great comfort that the *Spirit of the Nation* is so much (and justly) incensed against it. And that our *Parliament* is so Thorow and Resolved to crush that *Interest*, whose *Principles* teach them to be (to all *Hereticks*, for so they call *Protestants*) Trayterous Subjects, ill *Neighbours*, and worse *Sovereigns*.

To promote the *Just Odium* of my *Native Country* against so destructive and malignant an *Enemy*, is (in part) the Design of this *Essay*; (which being of small bulk and price, may possibly come into more hands than larger Volumes.) If it contributes any thing in order to that End, it answers the Expectation of

Your Souls Well-Wisher.

To his Friend the AUTHOR,
ON THE
FIRST IMPRESSION.

WHat Muse is this, that thus inspires thy
Brain,
And leads thy Genius to so high a Strain?
Must thy Aspiring Fancy now rehearse
Thy Mothers Groans in an Elegiack Verse?
Is Prose too mean and unregarded now,
That still in Verse thou let'st the World know how
SION'S abus'd by Rome's Infernal Crew?
How in her Blood they did their hands imbrew?
Let thy Endeavours prosper: Let them prove
To be Rome's shame: A Token of thy Love
To thy Distressed Mother, (now the scorn
Of black-mouth'd Imps, who are of Satan born.)
Aspiring Soul! What! from her sorrows climb
To a Prophetick Spirit in thy Rhime!
Foretelling how she shall deliver'd be
From all these Bloody Beasts, whom thou do'st see
God will destroy, and will thy Mother make
Heav'n's Glory, and Earth's Joy, for his Names-sake.
Jehovah bleſs thy Work, this Book, though small,
And make it prove a Preface to Rome's Fall.

To my FRIEND the
AUTHOR,
Upon his
Reviv'd P O E M.

Here's Grief in Raptures! Who could
this infuse.

*All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian Muse
Such Sacred Rhapsodies could e'er inspire:
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's Quire,
No Inspiration from the Thespian Spring,
Does teach our Poet in this mode to sing.
He sucks no Hippocrene, nor feeds upon
The fanci'd Dew of Pagan Helicon.*

*He mounts no Pegasus, nor gathers Drops
Distill'd by Clio from Parnassian Tops.
These are but Whimsies--Some Seraphick Fire
His Muse did with this Mourning Song Inspire
Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief,
Weep Tears in Verse, when SION wants Re-
lief?*

Such

Such as from Art their lofty Strains do borrow,
Do but describe an Artificial Sorrow
But his is purely Natural : for we
Perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy.
His clear discerning Soul her danger sees
Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees.
He gives us Warning to prevent the Stroke,
To leave our Sins, and Mercy to invoke.
Here's a Prophetick Gläs, where we may view
The swift Destruction that will (else) ensue.
But, Friend, we thank thee that thou hast not
left us

Without some hope, nor has thy Book bereft us
Of Consolation; for the **SCARLET**
WHORE

Is there so Sentenc'd, that She'll rise no
more.

Sion in Distress :

OR, THE
G R O A N S
OF THE
PROTESTANT CHURCH.

What dismal *Vapour* (in so black a
form)
Is this, that seems to *Harbinger* a
Storm ?

What pitchy *Cloud* invades our *Starry Sky*,
To stop the Beamings of the *Worlds Great Eye* ?
What spreading *Sables* of *Egyptian Night*,
Would rob the *Earth* of its *Illustrious Light* ?

What interposing *Fog* obscures our *Sun* ?

What dire *Eclipse* benights our *Horizon* ?

Is *England's Great and Royal Bridegroom* fled ?

Is its *Aurora* newly gone to bed ?

That scatter'd *Clouds* make such *prodigious* haste,
Combine in one, and re-unite so fast.

Clouds that so lately *dissipated* were,

Do now conspire to make a *Darker Air* !

Sion in Distress: Or,

I mourn *unpyed*, groan without Relief!
 No bounds nor *measures* terminate my grief!
 The *Sluces* of mine Eyes are too too narrow
 To vent the Streams of my increasing Sorrow.
 Ebbs follow swelling Floods, and vernal Days
 Adorn the Fields that Winter disarrays.
 All States and Things have their alternate ranges,
 As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
 All Revolutions, hurries to and fro,
 At length some Rest and Settlement do know.
 But helpless I, have often look'd about,
 To find some Ease or Soul-Refreshment out;
 Yet can I see no prospect of Relief,
 But *swift Additions* multiply my grief.
 As *Pilgrims* wander in their distress
 Amongst the wild rapacious *Savages*,
 In pathless Desarts, where the midnight howls
 Of hungry *Wolves*, mixt with the screech of *Owls*,
 And *Ravens* dismal croaks, salute the Ears
 Of poor erratick trembling *Passengers*:
 So I'm surrounded, so the *Beasts of Prey*
 Conspire to take my *Life* and *Name* away.
 My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint;
 For want of vent; I'm pregnant with Complaint
 No Age nor Generation but has known
 Some part of this my just and grievous moan;
 But now I'm far more dangerously charg'd;
 By *Bolder Foes* my sorrows are enlarg'd:
 A hellish Tribe from black *Aueruns* flew,
 That *Bloodhound*-like, me and my Lambs pursue.

Lord

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 3

Lord JESUS come! O let my Cries invoke
Thy sacred Presence to divert the stroke.
Are all my Friends withdrawn? what is there none
Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan?

Sion's Friend

What doleful noise salutes my wondering Ear?
What grief-expressing Note is that I hear?
Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry,
Bespeaks some one in great extremity.
The shrillness of the mournful Voice bespeaks
A Womans loud and unregarded shrieks.
The more her deep and piercing sobs I heed,
The more my Heart in sympathy does bleed.
Ah! who can find her out? who can makee known
The Author of this Heart-relentings Moan?
Doubtless, though Grief now seizes thus upon her,
She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour;
Of Royal Stem, extracted from Above,
Nurs'd in the Chambers of the Fathers Love;
Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,
Who over all has Just Preheminance,
Monarch of Monarchs---Sion! Is it Thou?
O mourn my Soul! O let my Spirit bow!
Let all that love the Bridgroom sigh for grief:
For Sion weepes as one past Relief.
But why, O Sion, since thou art belov'd
Of Heavens Supream, art thou so sadly mov'd?

4 *Sion in Distress: Or,*

Why Arms expanded, thus implore the Skies?

Why streaming Rivulets, flow from thine eyes?

This makes me wonder——

Sion.

MY forlorn Estate
Is poor unpittyed, mean and desolate;
I long have wandered in the *Wilderness*
Involv'd in trouble, kept in sore *Distress*,
In *Caves* absconding from the *horrid Rage*
Of *Savage Beasts*, until this later *Age*
I made Attempts to look a little Out,
The *Monster* spied me, and does search about;
The *Roaring Blood-Hounds*, greedy on the scent,
To kill, or drive me back again, are bent.
No *Interval* of Peace, no *Rest* they give,
Pronounce me *curst*, and *not fit to live*:
A *Dragon* fell, combined with the *Beast*
To gore my *Sides* and spoil my *Interest*.
Th' old *Lion*, *Lioness*, and *Lions Whelp*,
With dreadful *Jaws*, the other *Beasts* do help.
Dogs, *Bulls*, and *Foxes*, *Bears* and *Wolves* agree
To rend, to tear, and make a spoil of me.
I that have been so delicately bred,
My Children at a *Royal Table* fed;
Am now expos'd to the *Infernal Spite*
Of such as do in *Fire* and *Blood* delight.
Plots hatch'd in *Hell* and *Rome*! that black design
To stab a *Monarch*; and to undermine.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 85

Our Ancient *Lams*, subvert Religion, and
Bow England's Neck to *Antichrist's* command;
Were but *Preludiums* to that dismal *Orn*
(As martyr'd heaps in flaming *Smithfield* burn)
Design'd for *Protestants*, and all the Rest
Who hate *Rome's* Idol, th' *Image of the Beast*.
I am the *Mark* the Monsters aim at: All
Their grand designs were to contrive my fall.
If Friends or others any Favours show,
They straight conspire to work their *Overthrow*.
Ah vile *Conspiracy*! Ah cursed *PLOT*!
So deeply laid! How canst thou be *Forgot*?
Hells grand *Intreagues* ne'er introduc'd a *Brat*
Into the World, so horrible as that.
Since *Rome* the western cheated *Monarchs* rid,
A *Rampant WHORE*, the horned *Beast* bestrid.
Disgorging *Plots*, employing hellish *Actors*:
May all our *Off-spring* Execrate such *Factors*!
Sion forlorn! How very few regard
Thy *cries & tears* mens hearts are grown so hard!
In *Restless Hurries*, tost with every wind,
No *Ease*, no *Peace*, no *Comfort* can I find.
The horrid *Aspect* of these *Monsters* do
Affright my *Children*, some they worry too;
On Some they seiz., like greedy *Beasts* of prey,
And to their *Dens* the *Sacrifice* convey.
Renowned GODFREY! (whose immortal glory,
Martyr'd for me, shall ever live in *Story*)
Let every *Loyal Eye* that sees it there,
Yield to his Name the *Tribute* of a *Tear*,

6 *David's Son in Distress: Or,*

Brave Soul! Thy Love and Loyalty do claim
That King and People should proclaim thy Name,
As *England's Victim*, ne'er to be forgot,
Fast'ning on *Rome* an everlasting Blot.

The Great *Jeboah*, who is only Wise,
Permits thy Fall as a Sweet Sacrifice,
Thy Bar'rous Murder has made clearly out
That Plot which none but *Infidels* can doubt.
Those bloody *Varlets*, black *Assassins*,
Curs'd Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,
Drunk with *Infernal Cruelty*, made Thee
A Specimen of *England's* Tragedy.

By Thee we learn what *Courtesie* to hope
From *Romish Butchers*, *Vassals* to the *Pope*,
Thou led'st the Van, first fell into the Trap,
From whence they say no *Protestant* shall 'scape,
Pure *Innocence* *Trapan'd*, amongst them came,
Without suspicion, (like a harmless Lamb)
Whilst they like hungry *Tygers*, ready stood
T'embrey their *Tallows* in thy guiltless Blood.
Thou little thought'st such an *Infernal Snare*
Had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware!

'Tis strange, say some, what *Reason* should engage
Them to make Thee the Object of their Rage?
The Cause was thus: The *Babylonish Whore*,
Big with a *Bastard*, long'd (as heretofore
For *Christian Blood*; her Favourites made haste,
In her great need to help her to a Taste.
Of choicest *Liquors* this she calls the first,
To chear her sinking heart, and quench her thirst!

Fearing

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Fearing *Miscarriage*, when her Spirits faint,
She drinks the hearts *Blood* of some *Martyr'd Saint*,
Than *Horse-leech* more insatiable, she cries,
Give, give me that, or nothing will suffice
My Craving Paunch; my pleasure must be done:
This Heretick was a Pragmatick One;
He knew my Secret Clubs, and would Reveal
My Tragick Plots: We must prevent his Zeal.
We'l Strangle Him, before He gives a glimpse
Of our Designs, or Countermines our Imps.

Ah *Brutish Whore*! of *Cannibals* the worse;
This bloody Draught has brought an endless Curse
On thee: And lasting Calendars we see
Records this Instance of thy Cruelty.

This *Loyal Knight* ne'er injur'd you, but stood
Discharging Justice for his Countreys Good.

Will nought but Blood of *Protestants* give ease
Or quench your thirst? What mischeivous Disease
Infects your Bowels? Must your Churches Food
Be flesh of *Saints*? Your mornings-draught, their blood.

Fellonious Strumpet! Must you be so bold,
To steal by night into your Neighbours Fold?

Seiz on my *Lambs*? Thy Theft and Cruelty,
As well as *Murder*, shall revenged be

But since he's gone, and Justice does pursue
With eager Steps th' *Assassinating Crew*,
We'll acquiesce: For *Heaven* seems to call
For Tears Cessation at his Funeral:
Let Christians offer, through the Universe,
Whole *Hecatombs* upon his bleeding Horse.

8

Sion in Distress: Or,

And could their Tears increase into a Flood,
 'Twere no excess---So much I prize his Blood,
 But *other* grounds of Grief are in mine Eye,
 Which cause my Sorrows to advance so high,
 That my o'er burthen'd Heart can scarce express
 The nature of my *Inward* Heaviness,

Sion's Friend.

Sion, *Thy sad and bitter Lamentation*
 Does move my *very* Soul unto Compassion :
 But say, *what* Cause does aggravate your Fears,
 And thus provokes to further Cries and Tears ?

Sion.

IF that my *Head were Waters*, and each *Eye*
 A brim-full *Fountain*, I could drein 'em dry.
 I'm steep'd in *brackish Floods*, nay almost drownd,
 To see how *Sin* does *ev'ry where* abound.
 Where e'er I am, I nought can see or hear,
 But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.
 It breaks my heart that *England* thus should be
 A *Scene* for *Actors* of Debauchery.
 What *perpetrations* of the *blackest* Crimes
 Appear not *bare-fac'd* in our present times ?
 Tho God (*incens'd*) has fearful *Judgments* sent,
 To *humble* men, and move them to *repent* ;

Yet

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 9

Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,
And aggravate their horrid Insolence;
Seeming to bid Defiances to Heaven,
Scorning to take the dreadful *Warnings* given,
The sweeping *Plague* (that Messenger of Wrath)
In such as 'scap'd, small Reformation hath
Produc'd ! Nor has the desolating *Fire*
(A perfect Token of Gods flaming *Ire*)
Remov'd the *City's Pride* ; 'twas great before,
And now it seems to multiply much more.
Fantastick Garbs, and *Antick Modes* declare
How much from *Pride* their Souls reformed are ;
Though *want*, though *Poverty*, and loss of *Trade*,
Do many Men and Families invade ;
Yet do they vaunt in *pride* and *luxury*,
As if they had vast *Mines* of *Treasures* by,
Some know not what to *eat*, nor how to *go*,
Yet on the *Poor* will no *Compassion* show :
(Whose unregarded *Cries*, unheeded *Moans*,
Whose unreliev'd *Distress*, unpity'd *Groans*,
Can scarce extort a Mite) such do not grudge
To purchase Hell at dearest Rates, and drudge
To please their brutish lusts, who void of measure
Consume Estates to *wantonize* in Pleasure,
Tumbling in Riot (as proud *Drives* sat)
Whilst *Lazarus* lies starving at the Gate.

A Complaint of Oaths.

Volleys of *Oaths*, with horrid Blasphemy,
And dreadful Cursings, in mine Ears do cry.
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,
Observe the mode how they each other greet,

What new coin'd *oaths*, what modish *execrations*?
What damning, sinking, horrid Imprecations
Do they disgorge? The Serpents fiery hiss,
That belches Sulphur from the black Abyss,
Can scarce out-do this Ranting Tribe, who count
The Man Genteel that is most paramount
In wickedness; he that blasphemes aloud
Christs blood and wounds, is Courtier alamode.
How can th' abused Earth but gape again,
To swallow quick vile Wretches so prophane!
Can Heavens great Artillery so long
Forbear the Treasons of a mortal Tongue?
Jehovah's Attributes so vilely us'd!
His sacred Essence and his Name abus'd.
Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curfes frame,
And Sins that never had before a Name.
Graduates in Courtship are preferr'd, who made
Most quick proficiencie in a hellish Trade:
Such rant and roar, such revel, Domineer,
As if nor God nor Devil they did fear.
Approaching dangers can't disturb their pleasure
But still they sin until they fill their measure.
Judgments deferr'd, in evil makes them bold,
Despising such by whom they are controld.
As if th' avenging Hand their Lives did spare,
Thus to provoke Him without dread or fear.
But poor Blasphemer, when thou art past by,
'Tis not t' indulge thee in iniquity.
Think'st thou the God of Purity does like
Such ways, because he yet forbears to strike?

Doſt

11 The Groans of the Protestant Church,

Do'st think a gloomy interposing Cloud,
From Gods all-searching Eye can be thy shroud?
Or that because He is inthron'd on high,
Thy Deeds of Darkness He cannot espy?
Or since his Judgments are so long delay'd,
Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid?
Wilt thou His Patience without end abuse,
Slight true Repentance, and His Grace refuse?
If so, thy Judgment hastens---For a Rod
Will quickly reach thee from an angry God,
Because of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn,
For which my Soul much inward grief has born.

A Complaint of Drunkenness.

Do'st thou not see how filthy *Drunkenness*
Does raigin in City, and in Villages?
Some reel and wallow in the street, like Swine,
Whilst others boast their strength in drinking Wine:
Although to such, God doth denounce a Curse,
They mind it not, but still grow worse and worse.
Dread not Examples of Gods wrath at all,
Nor what to Drunkards does so oft befall:
Altho Gods Word has dreadful Warnings given,
That Drunkards never shall inherit Heavens,
But that their lot shall with damn'd Spirits be,
In Chains of Darkness to Eternity.
They drink carouse, and waste their jolly breath,
Upon the brink of *Everlasting Death*.
Whate'er ensues, they are resolv'd they will
Carouse full Goblets, and be filthy still.
Thus men by *Pride*, by *Oaths* by *Worldiness*,
By daily swallowing *Liquor to excess*,

Defile

Sion in Distress : Or,

Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,
 To cause his Vengeance on the Land to smoke.
 Sin sets the door wide open, and makes way
 For all the Sorrows of th' approaching day,
 These are in part the cause of *England's* Wo,
 And will if (Grace prevents not) it undo :
 But there are other hainous Sins behind,
 Which pierce my Bowels, and perplex my Mind.

A Complaint of Whoredom, Adultery, &c.

Did filthy *Lust* and *Whoredom* ever rage
 With more success then in the present Age ?
 Abominations of so vile a Name,
 That their bare mention is indeed a shame.
 What Sin more hateful in *Jehovah's* Eye,
 Then this of *Whoredom* and *Adultery* ?
 'Tis rank'd as Chief and marches in the Van
 Of all the gross Debaucheries of Man,
 In those black Muster-Rolls God does record
 Of grand Offences in his holy Word,
 What more affronts the *Second Table* ? Or
 Provokes the Lord ? No fitter Metaphor
 Could be produc'd t' express *Idolatri*,
 Then that abhorred Name, *Adultery*.
 Besides the Terrors of Gods fiery Wrath,
 Which judges such to everlasting Death ;
 On Earth, amongst all sober men, they gain
 So vile a blot, so infamous a stain,
 As all the Waters in the Sea can never
 Wipe off, nor can it be forgot forever,
 But O what dismal Consequences wait
 For speedy entrance at the wretches gate !

For

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 13

For lewd Embraces of lascivious Dames
Will rot their *bones*, breed cankers in their *names*,
Beget consumption in Estate and Purse,
Produce Destruction, and a certain Curse :
The common ends that such arrive unto,
Are foul Diseases, Beggery and Wo.
They're sottish Fools (says wise *Demosthenes*)
That buy Repentance at such Rates as these :
That Sin, to please an Enemy, that strives
To damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives!
God in his Sacred * Ordinances hath * *Leu.*
Appointed such to an immediate Death. 20 10.
Would men but Judge it as their greatest Foe,
They'd never love, nor hug it as they do.
Each Sex is bad, but Women seem to be
The very Brokers of Immodesty ;
Which makes that passage to be born in mind,
A wise and vertuous Woman who can find?
Your City-Dames and Ladies are on fire
With wanton passion, and unchaste desire ;
Providing Meats on purpose to inflame
Their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted shame.
Bare Brests and Naked Necks, a Harlots Dress,
Are strong Temptations unto Wickedness.
All other sins (th' Apostle does declare)
Which men commit without the Body are :
But this abominable Act alone,
Against his Body by a man is done.
Marriage to all, the Unde filed Bed,
Is Honourable ; he that will, may wed:

But

14 *Sign in Distress: Or,*

*But Whoremongers God judges, and they shall
Be cast into the Lake, both great and small,
The Wiseman calls the Adulterer, A Fool;
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul,
No Sots like them, for branded still they show
The marks of Folly, wherefoe'er they go.
O how the unclean and brutish man exceeds
Inferiour Sinners in reproachful Deeds!*

*My Grievances are many, and my Fear
Is more then my distressed Soul can bear:
My panting Breast and aking Heart is sad,
To think of what I further have to add.*

A Complaint of Atheism.

*But O amazing master-piece of wonder!
That's like to rend my very heart aunder,
When I consider that an Age of Light
Produces Monsters blacker then the Night:
A Cursed Tribe of wretched Atheist dare,
Without all Dread and Reverential Fear,
Strike at the Essence of the Great Jehovah,
And all the Glories that reside Above.
As if meer Fancies of a Cloudy Brain,
And all Religion an Intrigue of Man:
That dare pronounce all Evangelick Law.
A Trick of State to keep the World in awe,
Creating Idols in their Brains; that ever
Make mocks of Hell, and a meer scorn of Heaven.
But can such Fancies challenge an abode
Within your Hearts, to Dis-believe a GOD?
On th' Universal Fabrick cast an Eye,
The Sea, the Earth, and expanded Sky:*

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 315

Can so Sublime Illustrious an Effect
Be form'd without a Glorious Architect?
If Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Laws
Pronounce Effects resulting from a Cause,
Whose Order leads us to Infinity,
Sure Arguments of a Divinity.
Created Things must a Creator have;
And that Begetter who first being gave
To Essences produc'd, can't be Begot;
He's therefore GOD, and other else is not.
This *Causa Prima*, without Time or Date,
Is He that did all Entity create.
The First could not Himself create; so He
Must have His Essence from Eternity.
Who can make *Phæbus* his swift Course Reverse?
Or ballance in his Palm the Universe?
Who can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?
If none can do't, then none can GOD define.
First Principles are beyond Definition;
No Logick reaches at so high a Vision:
'Tis unreveal'd to Reason, for no strain
Of lofty Metaphysicks can contain
Those Mysteries; true wisdom therefore hath
Commanded Reason to give room to Faith.
If what we see had not a first Creator,
Then 'tis its own immediate Operator;
If so, it Acts before it had a Being:
But such Conclusions are too disagreeing
With Reasons Maxims: For all things that be,
May say they are their own Divinity.

If each can make it self, and that which can
Create it self, can so it self sustain

In Infinitum, and will ne'er dissolve

Its self; for Natures principal Resolve

Is, That no Essence will forbear to be,

If it can keep up its own Entity.

'This strain of Atheistick Sophistry

Makes all of equal Independancy,

Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theam,

Without Inferior, making all Supream.

FIRST CAUSE supposes *Time*, & *Time* supposes

Some *second Act*, which *After-Time* discloses.

So view their Series, you may trace them all

(As Links in Chains) to their Original,

The Great JEHOVAH, whose unfathom'd Glory

Is Emblem'd in the Universe before ye.

There is a thing in Man call'd *CONSCIENCE*,

Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,

Whether he likes or nor: That's ready still

To check the Course of his Disorder'd Will:

It is Eccentick to his Sensual Part,

Arraigns his words, his Deeds, his very Heart;

And if it finds they be irregular,

It does Pursue them with continual War.

What can this Just, this Inward Witness be,

But some bright Beam of a Divinity?

In former Times was not *Jehovah* known

By Miracles which visibly were shown?

Can Reason brag that Causes Natural

Could raise the Dead? Or that a word can call.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 17

An Intomb'd Carcass to behold the Light?
Make sound a Cripple? give the blind their sight?
If not, then surely it will follow hence,
That 'tis an Act of some Omnipotence:
That such were done we have the Common Vote
Of Pagans, Jews, and all the Men of Note,
Whose Works are Extant, whom we may believe,
Because they had no Interest to deceive. (hear
Whence come those Judgments which you daily
Of Wrath and Vengeance darted every where
Against Prophaners of that Sacred Name?
Whence come those Arrows, that Consuming flame
Which terrifies the World? & whence the breath
That strikes Blasphemers with a sudden Death?
Which of these rare Philosophers can show
What makes the Spacious Deep to Ebb and Flow?
Let them produce their Maxims, if they can,
How scatter'd Atomes can compose a Man?
Who brandishes those blazing Signs of Wonder?
Who frights the Earth with rapid Peals of Thunder?
Who did defeat the Fatal Enterprize
Which Rome, by Devils Council, did devise?
Who sets the Comets in the Angry Sky,
Those dismal Harbingers of Misery?
God does Himself by many Ways make known;
Forewarning Men of what's a coming on:
Yet Senseless Mortals fault more and more,
Though hovering Vengeance threaten at the Door;
Deceit, Soul-killing-Errors, Perjury,
Injustice, Murder, Theft, Hypocrisy,

18 *Sion in Distress: Or,*

Do so abound through our enlightned Isle,
That *Sadom* hardly e'er appear'd more vile.

A Complaint against Hypocrites.

I am not onely persecuted by
My *Open Foes*, but *Lurking Snakes* do lie
Within my Bosom, using all their Art
To seiz my Vitals, and corrode my Heart.
Such *seeming Friends*, such *Traytors in disguise*,
Are more malignant then *known Enemies*:
For the *Attagues of These*, a man may ward;
These unsuspected, stand within our Guard.
How many seem to reverence my Name
For worldly Ends, or to avoid the shame
Of Irreligion? Frequently they go
To worship God, and so devout do show,
As if meer *Saints*; but *Hypocrites* in grain,
Do all the while Intelligence maintain
With my declared Foes, who proudly joyn,
And all their Politicks in one combine,
To root my Name from off the very Earth,
And make provision that no more get Birth.
Betray'd by *middle* and by *low Degrees*,
But most of all by *Capital Grandees*.
Such as my Peace and Safety should procure,
Contribute most to make me Unsecure:
Such seem their *purpose* by soft words to smother:
So *Boatsmen* look one way, but row another.
Such perjur'd *Statesmen* have the Art to smile
Upon my Face but cut my Throat the while,

But

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 19

*But grant, Dread Sovereign of the Universe,
That whilst I weep my Grievances in Verse,
Thy Sion's Interest may not be betray'd
To Rome, by Protestants in Masquerade.
O let me hear the Joyful Trumpets sounded,
That does proclaim their Babylon confounded.*

*Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,
Annoying Europe in unusual Swarms.
This critick moment they expect and hope
To thrust Me out, and Introduce a Pope,
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been
A Wall, a Fort, a Counterscarp between
Their bauling Canons most impetuous shots,
And forreign Saints; that countermines their Plots.
The desp'rate Archers are aware of this,
They know that England the chief Bulwark is,
To check their growth: If they could make it sup
Th'invennom'd dregs of th' Antichristian Cup,
They judg it easie to subdue the rest
Of my European Gospel-Interest.*

*But O my melting Soul-tormenting Fears!
Burst into Sighs, and bubble into Tears!
Observe the Heavens! View that dreadful Mark
Of flaming Vengeance, that precedes the dark
Approach of Night! Can this vast Corner be
Dught but the Prologue of Calamity?
Prodigious Meteors, blazing fiery Stars,
Are Heralds sent to menace open Wars
Against rebellious and polluted Coasts,
By Him who is the mighty Lord of Hosts.*

20 *Sion in Distress: Or,*

Awake O England! this *Lethargick Sleep*
 Is out of Season, 'tis a time to weep;
 If *guilty Children* tremble at the Rod,
 Can you be *stupid* when the *Angry God*
 Sets up this *dreadful Ensign* of his *Wrath*?
 Rouze up *Repentance*, let a *lively Faith*
 Now go to work; See how the *Preaching Air*,
 Instead of *Sinning*, does exhort to *prayer*;
 For thy *Fantastick Garbs*, *Perfumes* and all
 Thy other *Trash*, it doth for *Sackcloth* call:
 From *Carnal Sports* it bids thee quickly get,
 Calls from the *Taverns* to the *Mercy-Seat*.
 From that accursed *Rendezvous* of *Lust*
 It bids thee *hasten*, and *repent in Dust*.
 Have not th' *Experience* of *past Ages* given
 Their *sad Remarks* upon those *Signs* in *Heaven*?
 What *follow'd* still, but certain *Spoil of Nations*,
Plagues, *Fire*, and *Sword*, and other *Devastations*?
 The sure *Everſion* of some *Potent Crown*;
 The *Death of Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down,
 But thou, *Illustrious Architect* of *Wonder*,
 Remove the *Sorrows* which I labour under.
 Does this *Amazing Prodigy* betoken
 That *Rampant Babel* shall be quickly broken?
 Does it pretend that *Antichrist* shall break
 In pieces, striving to *destroy the Weak*
Remains that on this blessed *Name* do *Call*?
 Or dost *presage* that (*trembling*) I shall *fall*?
 Lord canst thou see thy *pleasant Vineyard Tore*,
 And rooted up, by this *rapacious Board*?

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 21

Or have my Childrens crying Sins provok'd
That dismal Sentence, not to be revok'd
(Gods Methods were to chasten, not destroy
Those Sinning Souls in whom he once took joy)
O give thy Sinking Church a true discerning
What thou dost mean by this prodigious Warning;
That by thy Spirits sacred Flame calcin'd,
By Scourges mended, and by heat refin'd,
We may find Grace. But Oh! My Spirits faint
Under the Pressure of my Great Complaint!
My panting Soul another grief doth feell,
My feeble Knees beneath their burden Reel.

Sion's Children.

AH Mother! who can disallow your moan?
The Cause is just, for every one must own
Our failings great, and that our sins provoke
Impending Judgments, and a future Stroke,
If interceding Mercy steps not in,
To ward the blow, and cancel out our Sin,
But since unthought-of Providence gives light,
And calls the Sun to see the Acts of Night;
Since Heaven exposes the Results of Rome
To Publick Notice; since the Traytors come
To Legal Execution; since the grand
Contrivers of this Mischief dare not stand
To Test of Law, or due Examination;
Since such brave Heroes represent the Nation,

Whose clear sagacious penetrating Eyes,
 Dive into Rome's abhorred Mysteries;
 Whose Nobler Souls, whose Loyal English Hearts,
 The closest Sights of Antichristian Arts,
 Can ne'er deceive; whose brave Resolves defeat
 Those curs'd Delinquents, whether small or great;
 Whose Free-born Courages do scorn to stoop
 To be the Vassals of a Rascal-Pope,
 An Upstart Imp, whose Title ne'er was given
 By binding Laws of either Earth or Heaven.
 We therefore, dearest Mother, do conclude,
 That what has past of Romish Interlude,
 Is near an Exit; that the Scene will be
 Chang'd from a Tempest to Serenity.

Sion.

O That's a Cordial! But my grief does borrow
 Some fresh Objections to renew my sorrow:
 For some that wish me well, do yet, in spite
 Of Gospel-Beamings, and the clearest Light,
 Retain some Romish Fragments, which displeases
 The meek, the humble, self-denying JESUS.
 His way of Worship, Scripture does express:
 No Useless Pomp, no Artificial Dress
 Becomes Religion; Chastity abhors
 The Garb, the Painting, and the Gate of Whores.
 Why should my Friends a Virgin-Church pollute
 With any Relicks of that prostitute?

Why

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 23

Why Gawdy Things, that never had a Name
In sacred Records, our Profession shame?
Why are our Rites enamel'd with their Glass?
Why must our Gold be mingled with their Dross?
Why further Reformation is suppress,
T' uphold a Grandeur that's Usurp'd at best?
Why Doors and Windows must be shut up quite,
To stop the Radiance of a further Light?
And why must such as disallow those Tricks,
Be branded as the vilest Schismatics?

But that's not all: My Children more refin'd
From those Corruptions, do afflict my mind.
O depths of Sorrow that disturb my Rest!
O racking Grief that rends my woful Breast!
Some are so Carpal, some so swiftly hurl'd
Into the Labrints of th'inticing World,
That in the hurries of that crouded Road,
They find small leasure to attend their God;
Preferring filthy Gain, and ill-got Wealth,
Before the means of their Eternal Health.
Some that in words respect me, I behold,
In that sad posture, betwixt hot and cold.
Sometimes they seem for Sanctity; sometimes
Slide with the current of prevailing Crimes;
Their Pulses beat with an alternate motion;
Now for the World, then for some faint Devotion.
Some that unto my Tabernacle were
Admitted, left me for Egyptians Fare:
These not content with my Celestial Diet,
Do run with others to excess of Riot.

Some

Some to be *Popular*, away would give
 Those *Gospel-Duties* that are *positive* :
 From such as these, my Sorrows do increase,
 That Sell *Gods Order* for a *seeming Peace* ;
 Such Open Gaps that do *pervert* the Laws
 Of my just *Right*, and well-defended *Cause*.
 But O! how many *Easy Christians* take
 Their *Rest* in *Forms*, and no *distinction* make
 Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on *Duty*
 As if it were the Sole adorning Beauty?
 Such give the Lord the more invalid part,
 Present their Body, but deny their Heart.

Are not some *Pastors* careless to provide
 A *Word in Season*, for the *Flocks* they guide?
 Some are too backward to supply the *Need*
 Of *painful Lab'ers*, that their *Souls* do feed :
 Discourag'd, by Close-fisted *Avarice*,
 Despis'd neglected, through this *Hellish Vice* ;
 My *Workmen languish*, and have cause of moan,
 To see their *Toyl* so ineffectual grown.
 The most Pathetick Preaching scarce can move
 Some *Rocky Hearers* to the Grace of Love.
 Must *Hag-fac'd Envy*, and *foul-tongu'd Detraction*,
 Invenom'd *Malice*, and unfaithful *Action*,
 Ill-grounded *Slander*, and uncertain *Rumors*,
Backbitings, *Quarrels*, and the worst of *Humours*
 Be practic'd thus? Ah grief of griefs to see
Professing People act iniquity
 To such a Pitch! --- Some *Husbands* and some
 Do lead such shameful, such unsavoury *Lives*
 Whilst

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 25

VVhilst mutually at strife, they do impeach
That Name that should be very dear to each.

Such Pride, such dogged *reprehension*

For every Toy, such sharpness and contention,

As does disgrace *Religion*, and does lay

Blocks and Offences in a *Converts* VVay.

Ah! why can't Saints in Families eschew

That which *meer Heathens* are asham'd to do?

Their Houses are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,

Of Brawls, of Discord, and *Domestick Fars*;

In Grace or comfort can they find increase,

Or *Heavenly Blessings*, who are void of Peace?

How oft do *Parents* Ill Example draw

Their tender Children to infringe the Law

And Sanctions of the Everlasting God!

Do they not spoil them when they spare the Rod?

To strict Extremes some Parents do adhere,

Check not at all, or else are too severe:

On *Back* and *Belly* they bestow much Cost,

But care not if their Precious Souls be lost:

Are they not guilty of Prodigious Folly

That teach them *Courtship*, & neglect what's *Holy*?

A Child untutor'd, (a meer lump of Sin,)

May justly curse its cause of having been.

Such as instruct, do doubly them beget,

By timely Lessons lab'ring to defeat

Their growth in Ill; such mold their *better part*,

By wise prevention of a Canker'd heart.

O: then's the time to give 'em Form and Mold!

For Trees admit no bending, that are Old.

Who

25 *Sion in Distress : Or,*

Who timely sow *such seed* they would have grow,
 VVill surely reap according as they sow.
 Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,
 Prompt on a Child to tip his tongue with ill
 In his first prattle : But it is less pain
 To form good Habits, then reform the vain.

On th' other hand, how many Children do
 Prove vain rebellious, disobedient to
 Their *godly Parents*? Slight their careful teaching
 Make Games of Prayer, and a mock of Preaching.
 Contempt of Parents, of what kind so e'er,
 Contracts a bitter Curse, which every where
 VVill find them out. But O my akeing Soul
 Beats sad Alarms of Grief! I must condole
 The dismal fate of Youth! Alas how few
 The ways of God and Holiness pursue!
 But very eager to obey the Devil,
 In quickly learning every reigning Evil.
 Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,
 Our Youth grown old in vile Abomination:
 Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,
 Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud Defiance.
 Let Grace and Vertue grovel in the Dust,
 Their Youth and Strength they'l sacrifice to Lust.
 That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,
To find their Maker in the Days of Youth,
 They scorn to heed: Ah fools! that would begin
 Conversion, when they can no longer sin.
 But know, preposterous Sots, the Day of Doom
 (That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come.
 How

• The Groans of the Protestant Church. 27

How dare you run this vile *Career* till Death,
Like a *Grim Serjeant*, comes t' arrest your breath,
When *Tongues* do falter, & your *Eie strings* crack,
VWhen stings of Horror do your *Conscience* rack,
VWhen Hells *Abyss* sets ope its spacious Gate,
And *Troops of Devils* round about you wait,
VWhen nought but *Horror* and *Confusion* seizes,
Upon your Sences, when those foul *Diseases*
You got by vile *Debauches*, have at length
Destroy'd your Person, and subdu'd your *Strength*;
Is this a Season to Detest your *Lewdness*,
To talk of *Vertue*, or pretend to *Goodness*?
Egregious Fools! how dare you to delay
Your Souls *Affair* to that *uncertain Day*!
O! Can you trust so *grand a Work* to that
Moment of *Anguish*? when you know not what.
(When Sound) your end will be, nor yet how soon,
Though brisk at *Morning*, you may die ere *Noon*!
And if unchang'd, your certain *Doom* will be
To lie in *Hell* to all *Eternity*.

Sion's Children.

O *Dismal State*! O *miserable Case*!
Enough to daunt all that are void of *Grace*!
And crush the bragging of the stoutest mind!
But are there still more *grievances* behind?

Sion.

Sion.

S Till more behind ? O that there were no more !
 Since they're too many that I've told before :
Masters and Servants, Kings and Subjects err
 In their *Relation* : does not each prefer
 Base, Selfish Ends to gratifie a *Lust*,
 Before what's honest, and supremely Just ?
 Ah ! how much time, among the Saints, is spent
 In fruitless, idle *Talk* ? How negligent
 In *holy Conference* ! strange to each other !
 How dull is each to quicken up his *Brother*
 In *Gospel-Duties* ! O ! how few do nourish
 That *Love* and *Zeal* which heretofore did flourish !
 A *Love* whose flaming Heat and Generous Rays
 (Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.
 Pious Discourses may reclaim the Vile ;
 But they are hardn'd in their Sins the while
Saints do converse like them, and rather learn
 Their vicious Tricks, then teach them to discern
 The dismal Snares and Perils that do lurk
 In sinful Words, and every evil Work.
 Some are so covetous, that they would grasp
 The World in *Arm-fulls*, till their latest Gasp.
 Some full of *Envy*, others do express
 Their *Lust* on Dainties, feeding to *Excess* :
 So *Nice* and delicate, in choice of Meat,
 Whilst their poor Brethren scarce have bread to eat
 Mer-

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 29

Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To sum their *Shop-Books*, but neglect the *Heart*;
For *that* they think there's time enough and look
But seldom to the Recknings of that Book.

How many come for *Fashion*-sake to hear?
(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)

How many *loyter* in their *Christian Race*,
Profusely squandering the day of Grace?

Many like drones, on others *Toyl* do live,
Though 'tis less honour to receive than give.

What *lying, cheating, conz'ning* and *deceit*

Do Traders use? O! how they over-rate

What they would sell? but if they be to *buy*,
They undervalue each Commodity.

But why should *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,
Be found in *Saints*? must every *Apish Fashion*
Bewitch their minds, when God is so Express
In strict forbidding of so vile a Dress?

Prayer, that *Sacred Ordinance*, that holds
An intercourse with Heaven, which beholds
The Fathers Glory, and on High does mount,
Is made by many but of small account:

'Tis that that carries our Desires to God,
And comes down freighted with a blessed Load
Of sweet Returns, yet 'tis much disrespected,
And *Closet-Duty* too too much neglected.

Scriptures themselves are slighted and disus'd,
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd:
Helping the weak is turn'd into a slighting;
Gospel-Reproofs perverted to backbiting.

Many

Many that do of God their *Mercy* crave,
 Yet on the *Needy* little *Mercy* have;
 Allow their *Blessings* to the God of *Love*,
 Yet too too many do unthankful prove.

Some follow *Whimses* that do nearly border
 Upon *Confusion* and dispise all *Order*:
 Such on all *Sacred Institutions* trample,
 (Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)
 As if 'twere low for an *exalted* mind
 To be, to Gods *Declared* will confin'd;
 But can these *Men of Rapture* make pretence
 That they have more *Divine Intelligence*
 Then all th' *Huſtrious Saints* as *Prophets, Priests,*
Apoſtles, Martyrs and *Evangelists,*
 That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers of Heaven,*
 And strictly practic'd all the *Duties* given
 Unto the *Church*, which are without repeal?
 But if they're *disanul'd* who did reveal
 Their *Abrogation* to these bold *Pretenders*?
 Gods *Laws* are *ſound*, and need no *Cobling-menders*.

But oh! that *Dismal Evil* that's behind
 Disturbs my *Reason*, and distracts my *Mind*!
 It is *DIVISION*! That unhappy word
 Has done more *Miſcheif* than a *Popiſh Sword*
 Could ever do, if that a *sweet Communion*
 (At least of *Love*) did but compleat our *Union*.
 VVhy should *Licentious Heat*, my *Children* hurry
 To those *Extreams*? must they each other worry
 For *trivial things*? do they not all agree
 In *Fundamentals of Divinity*?

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 31

Is there no *Room* for *Love*? or must that *grace*
Among my *Children*, have no proper place?
VVhy must one *Saint* be angry with his *Brother*
If not so *tall* as he? or with another,
Because his *Face* is not so *white* as his?
Or that his *Habit* not so *gawdy* is?
Alas! no *Folly* can be more *absurd*,
Nor more exploded in Gods *Holy Word*.
All should to *Gospel-Purity* adhere;
But to *calumniate*, *villifie* and *jeer*
All such as are not of their *very pitch*,
Is *Anti-Gospel*, and a *practice* which
The Lord *abhors*: If *Causes* of *dissent*
Evert not *Truth*, and shake the *Fundament*
Of *True Religion*, why such *angry bawling*?
Such *Odious Nick-names*? and such vile *miscalling*?
VVho dares intrude into the *Judgment-Seat*
Of God Almighty? who is only *Great*,
And only *Judgment* gives; to him belongs
To *pass the Sentence*, and to *punish wrongs*.
VVhy cannot *Christians* with each other bear?
Among *Apostles* some *dissentions* were;
But did they therefore *persecute* each other?
These *Mortal Conflicts*, *Brother* against *Brother*,
Destroys our *safety* for they set a *Gap*
Open for *Rome*, that would us all intrap
In *Fatal Snares*: their *Maxim* is, we know,
Divide and Rule; *Distract* and *Overthrow*.
Their *Crafty Agents* do creep in among
Our *heedless Parties*, and divide the *Throng*,

That

Sion in Distress : Or,

That with more Ease they may us all *devour*?
 Destroy our *Nation*, and subvert our *power*
 Why therefore do not *Protestants* agree
 As *One*, against the *Common Enemy*?
 Who waits with bloody hand t'involve 'em all;
 In one *Destruction Epidemical*.

Sion's Children.

A *H Mother ! who can remedy your grief?*
For this Disease admits of no relief.

Sion.

O *F no relief? O then my Heart must break!*
 Unless my *Sons*, their *Mothers* Counceltake;
 Which will those fatal *flaming* hearts allay,
 Obstruct their *Growth*, and take 'em clear away.
 O can a *Mothers* *Tears* and woful *Crys*
 Be dis-regarded in her *Childrens* *Eyes*?
 Can *English* *Protestants*, who do profess
 To serve one *God* in *Truth* and *Holiness*,
 Slight all my *Wishes*, and *Requests* despise?
 O! Harken to my *Counsel*, and be *Wise*.
 Let *Wrathful* *Pride*, and foolish *Self-conceit*
 Let *Quibbles* and *Sophistical* *deceit*,
 Be quite exploded : let a cool *Debate*
 All *Fundamentals* of *Religion* state :

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 33

In such you all will certainly agree :

(O happy *Model* of sweet *Unity* !)

Let none that to those *Principles* do stick,

Be branded with the name of *Heretick* ;

It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other

By that sweet *Title* of a *Christian Brother*.

Next if you would not *Charity* explode,

Abuse the *guiltless*, and affront your God,

Judge not your *Brethren* at a distance, neither

Give *ease* *Credit* to the *Tales* of either

Hot-headed *Scriblers*, or *licentious* *tongues*,

That often load the *innocent* with *Wrongs* :

So *Hellish* *Monks* did serve *Waldensian* *Saints*

With *horrid* *clamour*, and *unjust* *complaints*.

So *Popish* *Impudence* spews out its *Gall*

To make us *odious*, and bespatter all

The *Reformation* ; sure that *cause* is *bad*

Whose chief support from *Railing* must be had.

If giddy *rumour*, or uncertain *fame*

Should raise a *Slander* on your *Brothers* *Name*,

Repair to him, and in *Converse* you'll see

Whether he *guilty* or not *guilty* be :

If he be *faulty*, tell him of his *sin* ;

Be *mild* and *secret*, and you may him win.

Admonish *gently*, let your *whole* *discourse*

Be full of *favour*, *love* and *Scripture* *force*.

This is the *way* to bring him to a *sence*,

And Gods *prescribed* *Method* to *convince* ;

But if you fail, then leave him to his God,

Who can reform, or punish with a *Rod*.

D

Your

Your *Work* is done, you have *discharg'd* the part
Of *Friend*, of *Brother*, of a *Christian heart*.

Before *Belief* examine what is vented,
Good Men by *Malice* may be represented
In *Monstrous Shapes* : Some that to God are dear,
Hatred will paint like a *mishapen Bear* ;
Believe not therefore *distant Imputation*,
No Censure's Just, before *Examination*.

In all *Debates* be sure to lay aside
All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guide
Your *calm, sedate Disputes*, let *Truth* be scann'd
With cool Resolves : O ! let that great *Command*
Of *Love* take place ! for that should *moderate*
All *Eager Sallies* in a *warm Debate*.
Who loses *Error*, truly gains the *Field* ;
And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.
Where e're you find it, though in *mean array*,
Subscribe, and win the *Glory of the Day*.
O ! what's the *World*, but *Shackles* to the *Mind* ?
What's *Reputation*, but a *fleeting Wind* ?
Why should those *Bawbles* which the *Lord* abhors,
Become the *Sacred Truths* Competitors ?
Away with all such *Rubs*, let *Truth* take place !
And then the *Springs of Everlasting Grace*
Will drop down *Blessings, Unity, Increase*,
Among my *Children*, as the *fruits of Peace*.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 35

Sions's Children.

O *Ur Common Danger, and the Real Sence*
(*Which we have got by dear Experience*)
Of those Advantages our cruel Foe
Gets by our Factions, will unite us so,
As that our Enemies shall ne'er prevail
To break our League, or make our Courage fail :
But tell, Dear Mother, has some new affright
So dis-compos'd you, that you fear our Light
Is near Extinction ? tell your Sons, we pray,
What are the Symptoms of th' expiring Day.
Why do you judge, that England's Day of Grace
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace ?
Shew some Prognosticks of that dismal Night,
That threatens to succeed our Gospel-Light:

Sion.

VV *Hen Sol once touches our Meridian Line,*
It straight descends, does by degrees
decline ;
Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing Light
Yield to the Sable of approaching Night :
Just so the Gospel in its Altitude,
Once shot such Beams, that in this Isle ensu'd
So great Conversion, that those former Days
Did feel its blest and universal Rays.

36 *Sion in Distress: Or,*

A general *Heat* did warm this *Happy Nation*,
 From its benign and pow'rful *Operation*,
 But now it falls! and from our *Horizon*
 Its vigorous *influence* is almost gone.
 Thousands of *Sermons* lately have been preach't,
 But very few (if any) sinners reach't.
 How ineffectual is the quick'ning word!
 It shines, but warms not; its but like a *Sword*
 That's fair to fight, but has no *Edge* at all;
 Few prick'd at *heart*! and scarce do any fall
 At *Jesus* feet! or have a sence of *Sin*,
 Confessing how *rebellious* they have bin!
 It is a dismal and apparent *Sign*
 That *Night* comes on, when *Phabus* does decline,
 When *Heat* and *Fervour* fail, our *Hemisphere*
 Will quickly see its glory disappear.
 The *Ev'ning* of the *Nat'ral Day* is come,
 When *Harvest-Work-men* are repairing home:
 So when quick *Summons* of *Omnipotence*,
 Removes the *Dressers* of his *Vineyard* hence,
 We may conclude the *Gospel-Morning* past,
 Because *Gods Servants* disappear so fast.
 Can I, when *Gap-defenders* fall asleep,
 But like old *Isr'el*, for my *Prophets* weep?
 How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,
 Sustain the *Brunt* of an invading *Shock*?
 When of its *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,
 When scarce a *Moses*, or a *Joshua's* left,
 How many active *Guides*, most dearly lov'd
 By Me, have been in little time remov'd;

Scarce

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 37

Scarce can I dry mine Eies for loss of one,
But news arrive of many others gone :
If that my Head were Waters, and each Eie
A Well of Tears, I could distil 'em dry.
Bright Lamps extinguish't ! and no other Lights
Appear to chase the horreur of our Nights !
Shook by concussions of my Foes I stand,
Whilst few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand !
If thus my *Horsemen* and *Commanders* dye,
What will become of the poor *Infantry* ?
Who can support the burden of the *Day*,
When such brave *Hero's* daily drop away ?
Is Summer past, or is the Harvest done ?
That such *presages of a Storm* come on !
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth *Wars*,
When he recalls his choice *Embassadors*.
Ah too *licentious World* ! come look about,
Before the Lord, the *bloudy Flag* puts out :
When God from *Sodom* righteous *Lot* did call,
Sulphureous Flashes did consume them all.

Another ground of my prevailing fear
That *England's* black *Catastrophe* is near,
Is that, as in the *Closure* of the *Day*,
The *Evening Wolves* do range abroad to *Prey* :
So *Romish Beasts* in monstrous *Swarms* do peep
From their *black Caverns* to destroy my *Sheep* :
Such hate the *tell-tale-light*, and therefore hide
Themselves in *Dens*, until the *Ev'ning tide*.
Their *curst products*, are resolves of *Night*,
Like silent *Currs*, that in the *dark* do bite.

Another *Symptom* of the *days declension*,
 Is when the *Shadows* do increase *dimension* :
 So when I look about, I plainly see
 Our *Ev'ning Shadows* very long to be.
 In *Humane Bodys* when the Head grows *Hoary*,
 It notes *decay of Vigor, Strength, and Glory*.
Gray hairs are thick upon our *Ephraim's Head*,
 His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered.
 When *joynts* grow *palsy'd*, & the *Blood's* congeal'd
 Into a *Jelly*, can the *Man* be heal'd ?
 When *limbs* grow *stiff*, and *feeble Age* does plow
 Its *wrinkled furrows* on the *Patients brow* ;
 When *heat* gives place to a *benumbing cold*,
 When *doting Fancy* cares not to be told
 Of its *approaches* to a certain *Grave* ;
 When it rejects the *Physick* that would save,
 The *Case* is *desperate*, for the *Patient's* just
 Upon the *Point* to be *intomb'd in Dust* :
 Ev'n so (*Alas !*) this *Gasping Nation* lies
 Under the *pressure* of sad *Maladies* !
 'Tis *sick, at heart*, yet seems *averse* to take
 That *sacred Physick*, whose *Ingredients* make
Diseases vanish, and would *ward the Blow*
 Which will, (I fear) produce its *overthrow*.
 Ah ! must our *Glory* (like a *brittle Glass*
 Reduc'd to *Fractions*) into *Atomes* pass !
 So *Rude a Chaos* ! an *unform'd confusion* ?
 Threatning the whole with utter *dissolution*.

Once *Happy Isle*, I grieve at thy condition :
 Where's thy *Repentance* ? where is thy *Contrition* ?

Thou

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 39

Thou hast been counted our *Emanuel's* Land,
The *Gospel* seems on *Tip-toe* now to stand,
To bid thee *farewel* : Must thy Sun so soon
Be *sett* ! before it did approach to *Noon* !
Must that *Illustrious Morning-light* be gone,
That spread its Beams through all our *Horizon*?
Must wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Lust*,
Must bare-fac'd *Pride*, and impudent *Distrust*,
Rob thee of this inestimable *Jewel* ?
How canst thou be so *pitteless*, so *cruel*
Unto thy self? *Sin* is the *flaming dart*
That cuts thy Veins, and wounds thy very heart.

Can *Sion* chuse but send out *mournful Crys* ?
And weep thy *Downfal* in sad *Elegies* ?
Within thy Bounds my *Tabernacles* were
Built up, and I did long inhabit here.
Thy *Gospel-Glory*, and *Renown's* gone forth
Into all Parts and Corners of the Earth.
Thou mayst be justly stil'd *the place of Vision* ?
(Though made by Foes an *Object of Derision*)
The Joy of Saints, the *Protestant's* Delight,
The *Mark* and *Eutt* of *Antichristian* spite.
But if the Crown be raviisht from thy *Head*,
And *Romish* Clouds thy Lustre overspread ;
What heart so *brawny*, but thy *doleful Cry*
Must move to pity ? what relentless Eye,
Can see thy fall, and not dissolve to drops ?
O fleeting *Foys* ! O dis-appearing hopes !
O hastning horror ! O invading fears !
Had I a Sea of never empty'd tears,

My boundless, helpless grief wide open sets
 The Sluces for its streaming Rivulets.
 The very Air, drest in Prodigious Forms,
 Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms,
 Nature of strong Convulsions sickned is,
 To see this horrid *Metamorphosis* !
 Where *Gospel* Pastors did some Millions feed,
 Must blind and sottish *ignorance* succeed ?
 Must all their Throats be cut that won't adore
 The hateful *Carcafs* of a *Rotten Whore* ?
 Must all that execrate *Rome's Superstition*,
 Be Murder'd by a *bloody Inquisition* ?
 Must such as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke ?
 Must flaming *Smithfield*, belch out *Fire* and *Smoke*
 Of Martyr'd *Saints* ? must all that will not turn
 (With *Bibles* and good *Books*) together burn ?
 Must *Monkish Torys*, meer *Incarnate Devils*,
 Possess our *Land*, and pester it with *Evils*,
 Of such an odious and abhorrid *Grain*,
 That but to name 'em is a *lasting Stain* ?
 Must our *Renowned Ministers* give place
 To *Romish Block-heads* ? O! the vile disgrace
 Of such a *Change* ! Must an *adult'rous Priest*
 Belch out his *Mass*, where they have preached
 Must that *absurd* and *irreligious Tribe* (*Christ* ?
 Who setter *Conscience*, and regard a *Bribe*
 Beyond their *Souls*, be Leaders to our *Flocks* ?
 Must *pauitry Non-sence*, and those *Apish Mocks*,
 Mis-call'd *Devotion*, fill the *House of Prayer* ?
 Must *Pestilence* infect our purer *Air* ?

Must

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 41

Must Sodom be translated to our Isle,
And filthy Priests our chastity defile?
Must Satans Factors in a humane shape,
On modest Virgins perpetrate a Rape?
Must all our painfull Ministers be driven
To fiery Stakes, if they renounce not Heaven?
Must our dear Infants lose their harmless lives
In flaming Faggots, or with Popish Knives?
Must guiltless blood through all our Streets rebound
A mournful Echo? must the horrid Sound
Of Axes, Whips, and dreadful Scourges tear
Our aking hearts, and pierce the yielding Air!
All this will be, if Rome can but prevail!
Amazement stops my Speech! my Spirits fail!
I only can in Interjections cry,
I sink in Trances! O! I dy, I dy!

Sion's Children.

AH! how can we with any Patience bear
This sad Complaint? Can any Children bear
Their Mother deludg'd in a Sea of Grief,
And not step in to give her some relief!
Chear up Illustrious Spouse, and be not cast
Into despair, by this approaching blast:
Christ is our Captain, then we may be bold.
In all our storms, he is our Anchor-hold.
But what's this Beast, of whom thou dost complain?
Whence came he first? and of what date's his Reign?
Give

Give us his Marks, that we may surely know him,
 Repel his Pride, and quickly overthrow him
 With Universal and United Force,
 Our Armed Legions shall impede his Course.
 If God Commands (who do's the Scepter wield)
 Wee'll fight his Battles, and dispute his Field.
 In Martial Syllogisms our Arms shall speak :
 Wee'll storm his Wall, and make his Pillars quake.
 A raging Anger in our Bosom burns,
 Patience provok't too much, to Fury turns.

Sion.

THis *Beast* above (*a*) twelve hundred years
 has bin
 My Mortal Foe, he's call'd (*b*) *The Man of Sin*,

(*a*) *The most diligent and industrious Searchers into the Epoque, or Beginning of Antichrist, as the learned Mede, Alstedius, Mr. T.L. in his Book intituled A Voice out of the Wilderness, Mr. Brightman, Tillinghast, with several other Eminent Men, seem harmoniously to agree that the Beast began his forty two Months or one thousand two hundred and sixty (Prophetical) Days or Years, between the years 365, and 455. and therefore must consequently end in a short time. See Mr. Mede, page 600, & 601. To confirm which, the witness of the best Chronologers, Historians, and Antiquaries, concur ; as also the posture*

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 43

store of the Worlds Affairs, the unusual working of things, and the awakening Providences of God; which makes us hope, as Mr. Withers affirms, That that glorious Revolution will be in this present Age. And though famous Du Moulin, and some Others, speak not of the Popes claiming the Title of Universal Bishop, till about the year 604. 606. when the Traytor Phocas by the help of Boniface the 3d. murdered the Emperour Mauritius, (in requital of which, the Usurper Phocas gave the said Boniface that blasphemous Title, and decreed that the Roman Church should be head of all Churches ; Which Platina a Papist, and a Writer of the Popes Lives, agree to ; as Beda, de 6 Ætat. Mundi, Paul. Diacon. reg. Rom. 18. Histor. Longob. lib 4. 11. Anast. Bibl. Vit. Bon. 3. Ado. Ætat. 6. Reg. Chron. I. Aimon. de. gest. Franc. lib. 4. c. 4.) Yet the same Du Moulin seems positively to affirm, that the Persecution of the Church under the Pope, shall have an end in (or about) the Year, 1689. See his Book entituled, The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, Pag. 4. 12, This Term once expired (saith he) the Truth that was oppressed shall lift up her head afresh, and the Witnesses shall be seen to stand up again, who shall astonish the Church of Rome, &c.

(b) 2 Thes. 2. 3. Man of Sin. ὁ ἀνθρώπος τῆς ἀμαρτίας is an Hebraism, and imports a person given up to Impiety and Wickedness, as Pro. 24. 5. אִישׁ עֵרֶת vir scientiæ, a Man of knowledge, that is, very knowing, 2 Sam. 16. 8. אִישׁ הַרְמִי vir sanguinum,

A Man of Blood, *that is, one arrived at a non ultra of impiety,*

This *Introducer of blind Superstition,*
 is stil'd in *Holy Writ,* (c) *Son of Perdition,*
 From Hells *Abyss,* at first he did proceed,
 As in the *Revelations* (d) you may read :
 'Tis he whom *Daniel* calls (e) *the little Horn,*
 By whom three more up by the *Roots* were torn.

(c) ὁ υἱὸς τῆς ἀπολείας, *Son of Perdition, is also an Hebraism, and denotes, One designed for destruction, as a hopeless and graceless wretch. Chrysost. on 2 Thess. Hom 3. tell us, he is called so because he shall be destroyed. Piscator and Erasmus think it may be expounded, one desperate, and past all hope of Honesty--- the perfect Copy of his Original Judas, who is called the Son of Perdition, John. 17. 12. for he seemed an Angel, yet was a Devil --- he was no Heathen, quitted Judaism, followed Christ, was an Apostle, seemed to pity the poor, pretended great affection to his Master, yet betrays him with a Kiss, lov'd the Bag, hatcht a Villany able to rend the Rocks, and make the Earth quake--- In which let all impartial men consider whether the Romish Antichrist does not exactly parallel him,*

(d) Rev. 11. 7. *The Beast that ascendeth out of that Bottomless Pit, &c.*

(e) Du Moulin, p. 379. *amply demonstrates that the portion of the Roman Empire, which the Pope hath*

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 45

hath under him, hath such proportion in respect of the whole Extent of the Roman Empire, as there is of 3 to 10, that is little less than the third Part, agreeable to Dan. 7. 8.

The Marks of the Beast.

First Mark.

THe Spirit aptly does Characterize
This *Mushrooms growth* (f) declares he shall
Not till a day of great Apostacy (arise
Corrupts true Faith and Gospel Purity :
Just so it happned at that very time,
When Romes proud Prelate did attempt to climb
To that *Prodigious Grandeur*, which devours
Both *Regal, Princely, and Imperial Powers*.
That such a Fall as then Predicted was,
Did e're his rising, truly come to pass,
Some Learned Writers of their own confess,
With detestation of their wickedness.

(f) This is one way whereby we may know who the Man of Sin is, viz. He shall not be revealed until there come a falling away first, as Thess. 2. 3. The Revelation of Antichrist was then to be, when there should appear some eminent Defection in the Church. Now Antiquity clearly makes out when that Apostacy was ; it began very early : It is affirmed by some

some, *The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her Primitive Purity, longer then one hundred years. But however, all approved Historians agree, that about the beginning of the Fourth Century, the Apostacy of which the Apostle speaketh, was visible, and fully manifested: Joan. Wolfius out of Jerom, saith, That about the year 390. the Law perished from the Priest, and the Vision from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gave themselves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleanness. In the year 326. it was endeavoured in the Council of Nice, to cause Bishops and Elders to refrain from their Wives. See Alsted in Chronologia testium Veritatis. Also the said Wolfius alledgeth a Saying out of Augustine, applying it to the year 399. who speaketh thus: That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and Humane Rites; that the condition of the Jews under the Law, was easier then that of Christians under the Gospel. Dionysius in an Epistle hinteth that they were burdened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Christians; and that the Sacraments both of Baptism and the Lords Supper, suffered great mutation, and was grievously corrupted. Also we find Chrysostum declaiming against the Bishop of Rome, concerning Purgatory; which thing is applied to the Year 410. or thereabouts. Besides we find mention made of worshipping of Images,*
which

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 47

which is reprehended by one Amphilocus Bishop of Iconium, as also by Epiphanius, whom we find speaking thus : Whence is this Image Worship, and Design of the Devil ? And a little after he saith, Be mindful, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.

The Second Mark.

Vhen Romes great Empire to its Period came,

The Papal Hierarchy (*b*) usurpt the same,
By hellish Craft he makes that Seat his own,
And forms Regalia's to a Tripple Crown.
This Man of Sin in * Gospel-Times we know
Was but a hatching, and in Embrio;
And e'er he could come to maturity,
The + Roman Empire must dissolved be;
Upon whose Ruines he hath built his Nest,
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Crest.

(*h*) The second thing that was to preceed the coming of Antichrist, was the taking away of the Sixth Head, viz. The Heathen Empire which in the Apostles time * did let or hinder his Rise; He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then shall that wicked one be revealed, &c. The Empire (saith du Moulin) which did bear rule, must
be

be abolished, and out of the Ruins thereof the *Son of Perdition* is made manifest, and exalts himself: the Emperors hindred him, but the Empire being decayed in the *West*, and diminished in the *East* by the *Saracens*, the *Pope* found means to seiz upon the chief City of the Empire, together with great part of *Italy*, and to devour the Neighbouring Churches and Realms at his pleasure. Du Moulin, ubi supra, p. 119. *That this was the general Opinion of Antiquity, may be seen in Tertullian, lib. de Resurrect. cap. 34. Chrysost, 4 Sermon on 2 Thes. The Greek Scholiast. in loc. August de civitat. Dei, lib. 20. cap. 19. Iren. 11. quest to Algasia, Lipsius, &c. He that would see more particularly how the Bishop of Rome hath made his Market by the ruine of the Empire, let him read Signonius his History of the Kingdom of Italy: In the beginning of his third Book he shews how Pope Gregory the Second, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the Church, forbad the People to pay Tribute to him, and not so much as once to name him in their Publick Service, Du Moulin, p. 157. This then being out of Question, to wit, That the Roman Empire whereof St. Paul speaks, is already ruined, and that the Bishop of Rome thereupon rose to that height of Pride and Blasphemy, it must needs follow that the Son of Perdition is revealed, and that this is he.*

The Third Mark.

AT first from mean Estate (1) this *Beast* arose,
Came from the Earth, and did at length op-
The former *Beast*, the *Roman Empire*; he (pose
By help of *Lombards* chac'd from *Italy*,
Usurpt his *Seat*, appropriates his *Power*,
And doth the *Saints* (as bad as he) devour.
Popes Tragicks are the second part of his,
As if that Soul by *Metempsychosis* (2)
Surviv'd and were Translated into this.
Now let all judge if *Antichrist* be come,
That sees these *Marks* upon the *Beast* of *Rome*.

(1) This *Beast* (saith *Du Moulin*) rose from a
small beginning and mean Estate, signified by a
Little Horn in *Daniels Prophecy*, and in the *Re-
velations* of *St. John* by his rising out of the *Earth*,
according as the *Latines* call such as get up from
a little, *Terra Filios*, as *Mushromes* or *Toad-stools*,
pag. 259. Now who is there but knows how mean
and poor the *Bishops* of *Rome* were, before they came
to be *Earthly Monarchs*? then when they had not one
foot of ground, that the *Emperour* caused them to be
whipt, imprisoned, banished, &c. but by degrees to
what a mighty height did he rise? He exercised the
Power of the *First Beast* by little and little, he took
the *Empire* upon him, (2) sat down in his very *Seat*,
E assumed

assumed his Habit and Shoes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the Roman Empire: casting off his Crosier-Staff, he takes to himself a Crown, and is cloth'd in Scarlet, which was proper to the Emperor : the Emperor had a Senate clad in Scarlet, and he hath a Senate of Cardinals clad in Cloth of the same colour, and in many other things he seem'd to represent the First Beast.

The Fourth Mark.

(1.) **H**E doth exalt himself above all those Call'd Gods on earth, does by his (2) Bulls All Regal Edicts, that receive not their (oppose Obliging Sanction from his Papal Chair. He like a Peerless Potentate does now (bow. Make Sov'raign Thrones, and Crowned Monarchs

(1.) *This is notorious to the World, though the brevity of Notes admit not room for many Examples.*
 (2.) *Pius the Fifth, sent a Bull to depose Qu. Elizabeth. See Jewel's View of Sedition, and Camden's Eliz. 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory the 13 labour'd secretly to ruine her, Id. ibid. Anno 1578. Tom. 1. Sixtus 5. gave her Kingdom to the King of Spain, Anno 1588. ibid. Clement 8. Strictly commands that none should inherit the English Crown, how good soever his Title be, unless they be sworn and resolved Papists, his words are thus: Nisi ejusmodi esset,*
 qu

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 51

qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, sed omni ope & studio promoveret, & more majorum jurejurando se id præstiturum susceperet. *Camb. Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.*

(3.) Some hold his *Stirrup*, (4) some are made to *Three Frosty Nights* bare-footed at his Gate.

(5.) Imperial Heads lye prostrate at his Beck, And to his trampling feet submit their Neck.

(3.) Pope Adrian 4. made the Emperour Frederick 1. to hold his *Stirrup*, and chid him for holding the wrong one, Balæus in *Act. Rom. Pont. in vit. Adrian 4.*

(4.) Gregory 7. made the Emperour Henry 4. his *Empress and Child*, to wait 3 days and 3 nights, in a *Frosty Season*, bare-footed and bare-begged, before his Gates, before they could get Audience. *Id. in vit. Gregor. 7.*

(5.) Alexander 3. Made the Emperour fall upon the ground, in the Temple of St. Mark at Venice, the whole People being present, and puts his Foot upon his Neck, uttering the Psalmists words, *Psal. 91. 13. Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou trample under feet*, *Id. in vit. Alex. 3. See 40 Examples of this in the Learned Dr. White's Way of the Church. p. 18, 19, 20, 21.*

The Fifth Mark.

A Nother *Mark*, He in Gods Temple sits, Boasting himself a God, and counterfeits True Holiness; when he assum'd the Throne, There was a Temple (*) of the Holy One In *Rome*, and did continue so, till they Displaced Christ, (+) and flung his *Truth* away.

'Tis expressly laid down by the Apostle, as an undoubted Mark of the Man of Sin, viz. That he should sit in the Temple of God. Chrysost. is very express, Hom. 3. 2. Thes. 8. τὸν ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμοις ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰς ἐκκλησίας, that is, not in Jerusalem but in the Church, so Oecumenus, de Rom. lib. 3. cap. 13. and Theoph. Theodor. Ambros. Primus Anselm. Severian. apud ipsum. Besides it was to be in a City with 7 Hills, and where 7 Kings or Supream Magistrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but Rome, as is demonstrated by Peter du Moulin and others; if it be objected, that the Church of Rome at that time of Antichrists Rise, could not be the Temple of God, because upon the Great Apostacy that denomination ceases: it is answered, It might be called the Church and Temple of God then, though the Presence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godliness was gone; it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep their

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 53

their names when ruined; 'tis said, *Isa. 1. 21. How is the Faithful City become an Harlot? Could she be a faithful City and a Harlot too? The meaning is, she was so, but now thus; so Matth. 11. 5. Mark 7. ult. 'tis said, The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and the lame walk, &c. that is, they were so, but now otherwise; a Woman keeps her Husbands Name though divorced for Whoredom; so Rome (*) was Gods Temple and Christs Church; but when she espoused another Head, and cast off her first Husband (+) and the true Faith, she became an Harlot and Synagogue of Satan, though bearing still the name of Church and Christian also. See an excellent Treatise, intituled, *The Man of Sin*, Printed 1677. p. 40. &c.*

The Sixth Mark.

THis is the Beast upon whose Back the great Inticing Strumpet rides in Pompous State (*) By him she was supported all along, By his Imposture he was rendred strong.

(*) So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderness, and I saw a Woman set upon a Scarlet colour'd Beast, full of Names of Blasphemy, having seven Heads and ten Horns, *Rev. 17. 4.* I will shew the Mystry of the Woman, and the Beast that carrys her, vers. 7.

This Mark that (+) Notion throws quite out of That says the Beast shall not arise before (Door, The Desolation of the Scarlet Whore.

(+) It hath been a received Opinion of some Christians of late times, that the Beast who is the Antichrist or Man of Sin, shall not arise till the Whore is destroyed, and that when he comes, he shall only Reign 3 Years and a half. Which Notion may seem strange to all considerate men; because that Beast who is of the 7th and 8th. all confess is the Man of Sin: and how evident is it that this very Beast bears up, and carries the Whore from first to last? Besides, Consider 'tis said, the 10 Horns of this very Beast's shall hate the Whore, and make her Desolate, how could the Horns hate or hurt her; if the Beast rise not till she is destroyed? Can there be Horns and no Beast? And besides, should this Notion be received, it might seem strange that the Holy Spirit passeth by in silence, and takes no notice of this horrid Monster, or Succession of Popes, that have continued so long, having all the Marks and Characters so clearly upon him of Antichrist. If any should say, He doth not deny Christ come in the Flesh. Answer, In a Mystery he doth, and particularly, in his ordaining of Sacrifices, as it was under the Law, which all ceased when the Antitype came, and by assuming the place of Christs Supremacy and Government.

The Seventh Mark.

THE Holy Spirit most expressly saith,
In later times some shall Renounce the Faith,
That by the Spirit of Seduction led,
Doctrine of Devils through the Earth shall spread,
That belch out Falshood in Hypocrisie,
And many Thousands do deceive thereby;
Forbidding Marriage, ()* and the use of Meat,
Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

(*) *This is an undeniable Mark of the Son of Perdition, viz. That he shall forbid Marriages, and command to abstain from Meats; and who it is that commands to abstain from Meats, and who it is that suffers not his Clergy to Marry, and forbids the eating of Flesh on some certain Days and Seasons of the Year, is known to all. The Council of Chalcedon saith (Canon. Cap. 16.) Ut nec Deo dicata Virgo, nec Monachus nuberit; That no Nun or Monk shall Marry. Bellarmine in his 34. Cap. of the Book of Monks, styles the Marriage of Clerks and Monks by the name of Sacriledge; and affirms, That they sin less which commit Fornication after they have once taken a Vow, then they do which Marry; nay, and in the 19 Cap. of the First Book of Clerks; he saith, That the Marriage of Saints is not without some Sin, Pollution and Uncleannefs. The 6*

General Council assembled at Trullo, to make Canons, tell us plainly in the 13 Canon, that in the Church of Rome, whosoever will be a Deacon or Priest, must first protest that he will never any more after that have to do with his Wife, &c.— If a Man be found to have broke the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Flesh in Lent, especially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Priest, saith my Author, hath no power to absolve him, &c. This Doctrine of the Pope, as 'tis a Mark of Antichrist, so 'tis expressly called, the Doctrine of Devils.

The Eighth Mark.

HE's not content to be Supream below,
And make all *Scepters* to his *Croster* bow;
But th' impious Wretch is grown so bold that
He dares affront the *Majesty of Heaven*. (even
What God Commands, this Imp of *Hell* controuls;
Condemns the *fav'd*, and saves condemned Souls:
Himself he places in *Jehova's* (a) *Throne*,
As Chief of all, as Second unto none.

(a) He shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, shewing himself that he is God, & *Thess. 2*. He shall speak great things against the most High, *Dan. 6. 25*. That the Pope is guilty of opposition to, and exaltation of himself above the Majesty of God, is made appear by divers worthy Writers; the very Life and Soul of Popery

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 57

seems to run in this vein. The Lord Jesus (saith one) is made a very Lacquey to the Pope, he changes Times and Laws at his pleasure. God says, Thou shalt make to thy self no Graven Image, &c. The Pope takes away that Commandment, and declares, 'tis lawful to worship Images. The Lord bids us Search the Scriptures; the Pope opposeth this, and forbids the reading of them, nay burns to death those that do read them; and to prevent it, locks them up in an Unknown Tongue. God pardons Sins upon Repentance, the Pope without, for a Sum of Money. The Pope can invest a sorry Priest with power by uttering a few words to make a God, to turn Bread into the Real Body of Christ, and have power over him to do with him what he pleases when he hath done, and he can't deliver himself out of his hands.

A brace of Keys he carries in his hand,
To shut and open at his own Command.
He curses and absolves; he binds, releases,
Puts down, advances whomsoever he pleases.
This is th' Apocaliptick Beast, that claims
Sublimest Titles, and Blaspheinous Names,
With Matchless Pride, and Peerless Impudence,
He does for Money with Gods Laws dispence
To fill his Purse (O shameless Avarice!)
All sorts of Sins he values at a price (b)

(b) What Sin is it but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for Money; besides he makes the detestable Sins of Treason and Murder, and if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the Promotion of the Pretended Holy Church, meritorious, Canonizing black and brutish Sinners for Saints, in his Kalender; he exalts himself above the Word of God, he usurps Gods Seat, by giving what Interpretation to Gods Law he pleases, which he makes of equal Authority with it.

The

The Ninth Mark.

FALSE Miracles and Lying Wonders too
 This grand Deceiver does pretend to do (a)
 He fain would make th' abused World believe,
 That he with ease can make a Dead Man live.
 They do such things, their *Sottish Legend* saith;
 As far exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;
 Their Nature, Number, Circumstances all,
 Done by Atchievements Diabolical;
 Their Senseless Fables, arrant Fopperys,
 Are meer Impostures and apparent Lyes.
 This is an Engine which the Graceless Wretch
 Does spread abroad the Sons of Men to catch:
 And God lets such those horrid lies believe,
 Who Gospel-Truths would not in love receive,
 That they might perish and be Damnd thereby,
 The just desert of such Iniquity!

(a) Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all Power, and Signs, and lying Wonders, 2 Thes. 2. 9. Bellarmin (de not. Eccl. 1. 4. cap. 14.) maketh Miracles one infallible Sign of the True Church; and certain I am, the false and lying Wonders of the Roman Church, clearly sheweth the Pope to be the Antichrist or Son of Perdition. I have not room here to enumerate many of them, only take one or two, by which you may judge of the rest. One Becanus's Head being off, St. Ita's Prayers made it come passing through the Air, stand by the Body, and she joyned them fast again, so that in one Hours space the Man became as lively as ever he had been in all his Life.

Sti

The Growth of the Protestant Church. 59

St. Anthony's Arm, that precious Relick at Geneva, was kiss'd and worship'd with great Devotion, whilst Popery kept its ground; but when the Gospel came, and the Relick was produced, 'twas found the Pistle of a Stag. Calv. de reliq. prop initium. Possibly you may have heard of the Wonders that Relick had done; and of St. Decumanus, who carried his own Head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there washed off the Blood from it. A Country Curate, saith Erasmus, getting Crabs, and fastning Candles to their Backs, set them crawling up and down the Church-Yard at Night, and in the Morning, after he had taken them in again, persuaded the People that they were poor distressed Souls in Purgatory, you must think such that wanted Masses and Almes, saith my Author; yet know the Proverb, No Penny, No Pater Noster: A fit Miracle to pick the Peoples Pockets. Lib. 22. 70. Epist. p. 1529. in Epist. Edit. Basil. A Maid coming into a Garden, and taking a Lettice to eat it, crusht the Devil between her Teeth in the Lettice; and this poor Devil, saith Du Moulin, whom she belike swallowed down together with the Lettice, being commanded to go out, and checkt by Equitius, excuseth himself, saying, Alas! what hurt did I? I was sitting quietly upon the Lettice, and she came and bit me, the fault was in her for not making the Sign of the Cross when she gathered the Lettice. Moreover, these ridiculous Impostors affirm, that when the Body of Pope Formosus was carry'd into St. Peters Church, all the Images of the Saints that stood there, did him Obeysance; but above all, the Miracle of the Ass that left his Provender to Worship the Host seems most ridiculous to King James: see his Apology, &c. Many of their pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers intimate, about the 4th and 5th Century, and were contrived to confirm the Popes Headship and Universal Supremacy, together with their idle stories of Purgatory, Images Praying for the Dead, &c. Those that would see more, let them read Du Moulin, also a late Book Intituled, The Man of Sin.

The Tenth Mark.

His out Side's smooth, he's garb'd in Sheeps
array,
But inwardly a ravenous *Beast of Prey*.
He has a *Mouth* (a) wherewith he speaks great
things,
Blasphemes the *glory of the King of Kings*.

(a) And there was given unto him a Mouth speaking great things, and Blasphemys, *Rev.* 13. 5. And he opened his Mouth against God, to Blaspheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, ver. 6. He shall speak great words against the Most High, *Dan.* 7. 25. *This Mark of the Beast is apparently seen in the Pope, in those Insolent and Blasphemous Titles he assumes to himself; he is called Christ, Vicar, or his Viceroy and Lieutenant. Bellarm. de Rom. lib. 2. cap. 31. Foundation, Head, and Husband to the Catholick Church; His Holiness, that can be judged by no Man; though he draw an innumerable number to Hell, who shall say to him, What dost thou? What would you think to hear him called, The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David? so Begnins one of his Bishops Courted Pope Leo the Tenth, and thereupon had the Daughter of Sion not to Weep, saying, God had raised to her a Saviour. See Council Later. sub Leon 10. Sess. 6. ap. sur.*

He is frequently called by those of the Romish Church, Our Lord God the POPE. Exter. Joan. 22. Tit. 14. c. 4.

And as touching his Blasphemies against those that dwell in Heaven, to wit, the Saints of God, tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks, Schismaticks, and what not.

The Eleventh Mark.

TIs He that aims at the utter Desolation
Of precious Saints, by Bloudy Persecution,
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.
Forbids all *Traffick*, none must sell or buy,
Except th' adorers of his *Hierarchy*.

This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear,
Of which full proof is extant ev'ry where,
The Numbers he hath (a) murder'd do surmount
The strictest of *Arithmeticks* account.

They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Floud
And Swelling Current of my *Childrens* Bloud.

(a) He shall wear out the Saints of the Most High, Dan. 7.
and caused as many as would not worship the Image of the
Beast should be killed, Rev. 13. 5. *We find upon Record, That*
Pope Innocent the 3. within the space of a few Months, made
more then 260000 of the faithful to be slain, who they called
Albigeans, he had made all Europe to stream with Bloud;
in St. Bartholomews Massacre, in the Year 1572, more than
80000 were slain in cold blood, see Du Moulin p. 246. 247.
The Duke de Alva (saith he) played the Butcher in Flanders,
and under the shew of Catholick Zeal, slew Millions of Peo-
ple, in recompence whereof the Pope sent him a Holy Sword
and Consecrated Gloves; besides the infinite number slew in
other places, by Wars, bloody Massacres, and otherwise, of
which you will hear more hereafter; so that by this time sure all
may conclude Antichrist is come, and that this is he in whom
all the Marks and Characters do so fully meet, which the
Holy Ghost hath given of him.

Sion's Sons.

THese Marks are so notorious that we can
Say of the Romish Pope, He is the Man:
For these Characteristicks truly are
To him (and only him) peculiar.
This raging Monster is that Beast of Prey:
Shall we arise to take his strength away?
That hath so long time tyrannized thus
(With Hellish Fury) over thee and us?
Self-preservation is, by every Creature
Esteem'd a Sacred Principle in Nature.
Each Free-born mind must at those Tyrants spurn,
That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.
Why should this Beast still rage and domineer
As he hath done, without controul or fear?

Sion.

YOU are to wait for Gods great Dispensations,
 At whose disposal is the fate of Nations;
 His time is best, and in due Season he
 Will bring this Beast to his Catastrophe.
 He sits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,
 This Rebels Pride. His glorious Son that's born
 Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
 Shall surely Reign, because it is his due;
 For all to him the Sovereign Rule must yield;
 He shall the Crown and Royal Scepter wield:
 Nations shall serve him; Kings that have abhor'd
 His Name, shall pay him Homage, as their Lord.

To

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 63

To *JESUS* all shall bow, he shall be King,
And to poor *Sion* shall Redemption bring.
Till this Beasts mouth, and latest hour be spent,
No Humane Weapon can his Rage prevent.
To suffer Persecution I'm appointed,
Till Instruments are chosen and anointed
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,
And be prepared for that blessed day;
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is restor'd
To height of favour, with her Blessed Lord.
The day approaches, and if you would win
Renown by Fighting, then encounter Sin;
That home-bred Foe, which in your bosom lurks,
And like the Venome of an *Aspick* works
Through all your Vitals; 'tis the Capital
And grandest Foe, that would betray you all;
It corresponds with those that do expose
To torments, all that with the Bridegroom close;
Till this is conquered, I shall not arise,
Nor be delivered from mine Enemies.
This Traytor makes my very heart to faint,
And does occasion most of my Complaint;
For by's conspiring with the *Beast* and *Devil*,
I am surrounded with the present evil.

Besides these Foes of my forlorn Estate,
There is another strong Confederate,
The Proud, Imperious and Insulting *Whore*,
Of whom I made a sad Complaint before;
She with Lascivious Looks and Wanton Eyes
Prompts on to *Lust* and all *Debaucheries*;

By her *salacious* and bewitching Charms
 She does intice *Great Men* into her Arms,
 Corrupting Princes by her *Incantations*,
 Destroys the brave *Nobility of Nations*.

Great God assist me, e're my Spirits fail !
 That *I* the *State of Monarchs* may bewail,
 Who to her *Yoke* yield their *Illustrious Necks*,
 And move (like *Vassals*) at her *sawcy Becks*.
 Oh ! they that should *My Nursing-Fathers* be,
 Are *Executioners of Cruelty*,
 By this *Whores Influence*, the *Civil Power*
 Is made a *dreadful Engine* to devour
 The *Saints of God*, and kick at the *Creator* ;
 But let them know that *Sovereign Arbitrator*
 Of all their *Destinies*, is *Great and Just*,
 And can, at *pleasure*, tumble them to *Dust*.
 What pity is't that *Dukes and Noble Peers*,
 With other *Heros*, should for many years
 Thus truckle to that *Proud, Usurping Whore*,
 And for her sake *enslave themselves* ? Nay more,
 Exhaust their *Treasure*, and debase their *Name*,
 And bring themselves to such *reproach and shame*,
 By thus *ingaging* in her *Hellish Plots*,
 Which fastens on them *Everlasting Blots*.
 That *shameless Strumpet*, whose accursed *Wiles*
 Trappans the *Conscience*, and the *Soul* beguiles,
 When she involves them in the deepest *guilt*,
 She does pretend to wash away the *sfil*.

By

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 65

By impious Pardons ! Yea, to such an height
Does she Bewitch Men, that the very sight
Of *Tyburn*, cannot move them to confess,
Their load of guilt and horrid Wickedness ;
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,
To steel their Fronts with shameless Impudence.
When they are drawn to a deserved Death,
With Lyes She makes them to resign their Breath,
She makes them drunk till they forget their fears,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears ;
Who (like ill Angels) round about them hover,
For fear they should her Rogueries discover.
When some are stretcht upon the fatal Block,
And Justice ready to discharge the stroke ;
Such is the strength of her Inebriation,
That they (oh horrible !) on their Salvation
Protest they'r innocent ! when all the while,
No Treason ever did appear more vile
Than that for which Impartial Justice hath
Judg'd them (as Traytors) to deserved Death.
Rome (by their frantick Resolutions) would
Out-face the Sun, and baffle (if She could)
The clearest Proofs, and solid'st Evidence,
Produc'd by Heav'n's unerring Providence.
Ah ! Cruel Mistress of deluded Souls !
That's not content to make them arrant Fools,
To lose Estates and Lives, but must thereby
Make them stab Conscience, when they come to
See, to encourage Treasons, does prefer (Dye
Those Traytor-Martyrs in her Calender.

S I O N's Sons.

THis Whore and Beast in Int'rest are so joyn'd,
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find
Wherein they differ, pray tell us therefore,
How is the *Beast* distinguish'd from the *Whore*.

S I O N.

(a) **T**He Pope's the *Beast*, usurping over all,
A Power Supream and Magistratical,
This Scarlet Beast does in the strictest sence,
Lay claim to Secular Preheminence.
The *Roman Empire* lost the Ruling Seat,
The Pope usurpt it, and from thence grew great,
All Kings that he could by his craft allure,
Receive their Power and Investiture

This Whore cannot be the Beast.

(a) 1. Because the *Beast* is exprest in the Masculine Gender, the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, and the *Beast* that was, and is not, even HE, is the Eighth and of the Seven, i. e. He came up by means of the Liberty and large Revenues, The Seven Heads, viz. The Christian Emperors, gave to the Church and Church-Men, though a different and distinct sort of Government to all before it, but Mystery Babylon is exprest by the Feminine Gender, a Woman, a Whore, Mother of Harlots, I saw the Woman drunk with the Blood of the Saints, &c. And when I saw her, I wondred, &c.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 67

2. The Angel describes them distinct, the one from the other, a Beast and Whore, I John saw them as clearly distinct as a Beast is from her that sits upon him, and I saw a Woman sit upon a Scarlet coloured Beast, Rev. 17. 3.

3. If the Beast and Whore were one and the same, then the Whore sets up and rides upon her self; then which nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous.

4. There is a real difference between the Man of Sin and the Whore, or false Church, as is between Christ and the true Church: the Beast or Antichrist is the Head, the Whore is the Body; and indeed it was the renouncing the Headship and Government of Christ Jesus, and espousing, owning and serving to the Headship and Supremacy of the Pope, that first gave the Church of Rome the denomination of a Whore; for a Woman that has two Heads, two Husbands, can be no other.

5. Moreover 'tis evident that the Beast shall remain, though in Captivity, his Power being taken away, after the Whore is destroyed, and burned with fire, Rev. 19. 19, 20. Dan. 7. 26.

From him : the Whore's th^(b) Ecclesiastick State,
Or Romish Hierarchy, that takes her Seat
Upon the back of this Ten-horned Steed,
(Which gores my sides, & makes my Children bleed.)

(b) Though 'tis granted the Magistratical Power of Popish Kings in a large sense is signified by the Beast, who do support the Ecclesiastick State, or false Church, yet originally it more strictly resides in the Pope: for by a voluntary submission to him, he is become their Master, (as Du Moulin, p. 161. observes) their Crowns being at the Popes disposal, who takes it, and gives it (saith he) to whom he thinks good; which things have been noted by Guiccardine, that famous Historian, in his History of the Rises and Advancements of the Pope.

...the whole world will be glorifying.

S I O N S S O U R S .

Shall we (indanger'd by her Plots) arise
 To curb this *Whore*, that our great God defies?
 Why should her Treasons any more annoy
 Thy precious Saints, and Nations thus destroy?
 Lets make her Drink in that invenom'd Cup
 She fills for us; shall we not fill it up?
 Will none fall on, provok't by flaming ire,
 To Eat her flesh, and burn her in the fire?

S I O N .

Who instrumental in that work shall be,
 Read well the Sacred Scriptures, you
 may see: *Rev. Esa. Jerem.*
 And since the matter you do understand,
 It brings me comfort on the other hand:
 As 'twas fore-told in Sacred Scripture story,
 You are enlighten'd with the Angels glory:
 As for my Children who before did live,
 Light from this Angel they could not receive.
 My Children brought forth in the latter days,
 Shall do great matters to *Jehovah's* praise.
 I see some good men do desire to know
 The time when they this *Whore* shall overthrow;
 I cannot blame them, for this very thing
 To the whole World it will much glory bring.

Then

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 69

Then shall the Gospel through the Earth be spread,
And Men, instead of Husks, shall feed on Bread;
God's Worship shall its freedom then enjoy,
Rome's Locust then shall you no more annoy.
There shall be then a wonderful increase
Of *Sion's* glory and of *Israel's* peace;
Then shall my Children in sweet consort sing
Anthems of joy to the Eternal King.

No names then of distinction more shall be,
But speak one Language all, they shall agree
In Peace, and Oneness, and blest Harmony.

But to reply to what you have requir'd,
At present you must keep your selves retir'd;
Make no attempts until the Lord on high
Does give you strength this *Babel* to defie,
You now do seem to lie as persons dead,
As being unable to erect your head:
But then you shall appear to be alive,
The Spirit of the Lord shall you revive:
God hath (I know) set down the time exact,
When Hee'l begin this strange and dreadful Act,
To the confusion of your Enemies.
When God shall call his Witnesses to rise;
Then from the Heavens, they shall hear a voice,
Which shall make all their Spirits to rejoyce.
Then shall they have so evident a call,
That they straight way shall on this *Strumpet* fall.
With patience therefore wait upon the Lord,
Until his saving strength he doth afford.
To him you are to make your supplication,
For from him only is my expectation. F 3 O

70. *bound Sion in Distress: Or,*

O sigh with me, and in your Spirits groan,
And send strong crys up to his gracious Throne!
Give him no rest till, (in those glorious Days.)
Of all the Earth, I'm made the only praise.
And I'll lift up my voice to God on High,
And make my moan to him, and thus will cry.

SION's Prayer.

O Lord of Hosts, consider my Estate,
Let me remain no longer desolate.
Have I not been most precious in thy sight?
O do not therefore my Petition slight;
O let thy Bowels to thy Children move,
In tender token of Parental love.
Shall *Sion* totter? And the Beast grow steady
In his proud Seat? Hast thou not try'd already
What soul-advantage, or what Gospel-good,
Is to be hop'd for, from this wicked Brood?
Canst thou expect they'll serve Thee better now?
Are they more like to bless the World below,
Then thy Poor *Sion*? If their measures be
Repleted brimful of Iniquity,
Then by just forfeiture, their Right is gon,
To Earthly Power, and Dominion.
Will these thy saving Gospel Truths preserve?
Or in pure Worship at thine Altars serve?
Will these protect the Innocent and Good,
And not provoke thee with their crying blood?

Will

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 71

Will they make Judgment in right channels go?
Extirpate Vice? Make Righteousness to flow
Like mighty streams? Are they in Covenant
With thee? Or wert thou ever pleas'd to grant
Them any promises that they should wear
The Sacred Badges of thy Name? And bear
The Sovereign Rule? Will Fathers & young men,
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honor'd then?
Shall they not rather, by their Barb'rous hands,
Be Butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be,
Of swift Damnation, by *Rome's* blasphemy?
If Laud on Earth and Praises will be given,
If Hallelujahs will be sung in Heaven,
To thy great Name, for raising *Babylon*,
And bringing *Sion* to Destruction:
If then the Door of Grace, be open'd more,
For Mens Salvation, then it was before;
If Sinners access unto the blessed *Jesus*,
Be made more free; if cure of Soul Diseases
Be then more easie; then let *Sion* fall,
And *Rome* Usurp Dominion over all.
But if in sight of thine all-seeing Eye,
Their Monstrous Crimes are of so black a Die:
If from their very Springing, they have been,
The vilest Wretches, and the worst of men:
If for the future they intend to be
The Perpetrators of all Villany;
If their black sins, of gross Idolatry,
Pride, horrid Murthers, and Adultery,

Mount up to Heavens great Imperial Throne,
 If thy oppression makes thy Churches groan;
 If they will burn thy Scriptures, and suppress
 All Books that treat of Gospel Holiness?
 If guiltless Souls of every Sex and Age,
 Will be made Sacrifices to their Rage;
 If they are Foes, without thy Covenants,
 If they will trample on thy precious Saints;
 If they (because thou didst not hear and save
 Thy praying *Sion*, from a sinking Grave)
 Deride thy Glory, and blaspheme thy Name,
 And put thy Faithful ones too open shame;

Deut. 32. 36.

Then hear O Lord, thou see'st my power is gone,
 In thee I trust, besides thee there is none,
 That can thy *Sion*, from her Foes deliver;
 O draw some flaming Arrows from thy Quiver,
 To quell the pride of this oppressing Crew!
 Thy mighty Arm alone can them subdue.
 On Thee I fix an absolute Reliance,
 Do thou but help, I'll bid them all defiance.
 Hear and consider, for thy Mercy sake,
 On gasping *Sion* some compassion take.
 I have been ransom'd with the precious Blood
 Of thy dear Son, and fill'd with Heavenly Food:
 O Lord I pray, thy Churches sins forgive,
 And in sweet concord let thy Children live;
 Teach them true saving knowledge from thy Word,
 That they may worship Thee with one accord.
 Thou canst the Prostrate raise, and cure his wound
 For nothing difficult to Thee is found. Thou

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 73

Thou know'st my grief, O Lord incline thy Ear,
Revive my hope, and chase away my fear.
In *Achors* Valley open thou a Door,
And make me sweetly sing, as heretofore;
I pray Thee break the Bonds of my distress,
And lead me from this dolesom Wilderness.
O let me shine, like *Sol's* illustrious Light,
And be's an Army terrible in fight.
Pull off that Vail that does thy *Sion* cover,
Those clouds, O scatter, that I may discover
What thou doest mean by this thy dispensation,
And what my work is in this Generation.
Its time for Thee to plead thy Peoples cause,
When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws
Thou canst destroy them with their brimful Cup,
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up;
But Lord remember for to spare thy Vine, [thine,
That spreading Plant which thou hast chosen
Make that to flourish and be ever green,
And full of clusters as before 't has been.
From *Egypt* thou hast brought it heretofore:
From thence I pray deliver it once more;
Let thine hand plant it, give it steadfast root,
That all the Land may Feast upon its Fruit;
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,
And let its boughs o'reshadow ev'ry Hill;
From Sea to Sea do thou her branches send,
And her from all her Enemies defend;
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,
To keep her from the violence of all

Ra-

Rapacious Bears, and from the greedy Boar
 That would destroy it, and its fruit devour.
 Lord from on high thy lovely Vine behold,
 Thine own Plantation, valued more than Gold;
 Canst thou deny thy helping hand the while
 WildBeasts thy Vineyard ravage thus, and spoil?
 I am *Christ's* Spouse, his undefiled One,
 Canst thou permit me to be trod upon?
 'Tis by thy Grace I am Intitled so,
 Great God relieve me, and divert my wo.
 I am surrounded on all sides with pain,
 O let me see thy lovely smiles again!
 Thou hast withdrawn the beamings of thy grace,
 And wrapt in clouds the splendor of thy Face;
 O this has caus'd such anxious grief and smart,
 As tares my Soul, and rends my very heart
 To tears of blood, whilst thou the glorious Sun
 Of light art hid; O whither shall I run,
 For beams of comfort in this dolesom hour,
 Whilst I lie delug'd in this Brinish shower?

More would she speak, but her great passion ties
 Her mournful tongue: the Flood-gate of her Eyes
 In chrystal streams do represent an anguish,
 That makes her vital operations languish.
 Sunk in despairing sounds, she scarce appears
 To breath or live, but by her sighs and tears.

SIONS Sons.

[bewail

Mourn, mourn O Heav'ns; and thou, O Earth
And weep ye Saints untill your spirits fail,
For she that is the glory of the Earth,
Of the most Noble and Illustrious Birth,
Lyes sadly weltring in a deep despair,
Her grievous sorrows, can no tongue Declare.
O that our Brethren would but haften hither,
That in Gods fear we may confer together,
You must needs grieve, when her complaints you
Do not your hearts dissolve into a tear? [hear
Do not your Eyes like to a Fountain stream?
And all your Joys, turn to a mourning Theme?
Does not your nightly rest from you depart?
Are you not pierced to the very heart?
Are you not in the depth of bitterness,
Because of *Sion* and her sore distress?
How can your hearts delight in things below?
How can you sleep in peace as others do?
How can we comfort have, or Pleasure find?
Or how can we the Worlds concernments mind?
How can we eat or drink with hearts content,
And not with grief poor *Sions* state lament?
How can we bear our Mothers doleful cries,
She sighs, she sobs, she languishes, she lies
In dreadful Agonies, in bitter pain,
How can we brook her Enemies disdain?

She

She is reproach'd by ev'ry Drunken Sot,
 And thrown away like to a broken Pot:
 She is despis'd and trod upon like Dung,
 The Drunkard on her makes his dayly Song:
 But *Christ* will turn and will expostulate
 The Case with *Sion*, touching her Estate.
 Why art thou sometimes up, then down again?
 Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain?
 They're doubtless throw's, chear up and do not
 For thy deliverance is very near. [fear,
 Those lab'ring pangs shall speedily be o're,
 Fear not, thou shalt not dye, one, or two more
 Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou
 Hast travel'd with in bitter pangs till now.
 Address thy self to God, for surely he
 From These thy Tortures will deliver thee;
 'Tis he alone that brings unto the Birth,
 And do's give strength and vigour to bring forth;
 Then stay thy self upon this blessed Lord,
 His gracious help he will to thee afford,
 Upon his promises do thou depend,
 And thou shalt see deliv'rance in the end.
 These words of comfort like a Cordial wrought
 And to her Sences, mourning *Sion* brought,
 With languish'd looks, she casts a weeping Eye
 Upon her Children, and Renues her crie.

S I O N.

I Am affraid my God hath me forlook,
My sighs he minds not, scarce bestows a look,
His former pity, he hath quite forgot,
His Anger's kindled & his wrath is hot, [mourn?
When that burns fore, how can I choose but
How am I spoil'd, how am I rent and torn?
I'm like a Ship with raging Tempest tost
'Midst Rocks and Sands, just ready to be lost:
Where ev'ry Billow does present a Grave,
And Death in Triumph rides on ev'ry Wave.
Ah! But I am, engraven on his hand!
And in his sight for evermore shall stand.
Awake, O Arm of God, and do not stay,
My sorrows are so great, O say not nay!
Hear me, dear *Jesus*! Unto Thee I crie;
Unless Thou save me, I must surely die.

C H R I S T.

IN glorious Regions of approachless light,
Where Joys unmixt with perfect Love unite;
There do I sit, there do I see and hear
What Kings and Potentates consulting are;
Resounding in Mine Ears continually,
I hear a bitter, and complaining Cry.

I feel my Bowels with compassion move,
 And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love,
 She whom I purchas'd with my dearest Blood,
 Seems drencht in tears, and drowned in a flood ;
 Some grievous sorrow, or great tribulation,
 Extorts from her this doleful lamentation.
 Enough to pierce my tender heart again.
 And make the Temple rend once more in twain.
 Alas poor *Sion* ! thy sad voice I hear,
 I'll come and help thee, for I know thy fear,
 And what occasions these thy languid Moans,
 I know thy sorrow, and I hear thy Groans.
 'Tis I can still the blust'ring Winds and Seas,
 And in thy greatest Anguish give thee ease.
 'Tis I can wound, and cure ; I build, I break,
 I kill, I make alive ; I give and take,
 And can (if I think fit) make Nations shake,
 And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro :
 I for thy sake, strange things will quickly do,
 In thy affliction, great distress and pain,
 Of which thou dost so grievously complain,
 I am afflicted : What they do to thee,
 Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me ;
 I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,
 Fear not therefore, thy proudest Enemy.
 Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,
 All power and wisdom 's mine ; and I know how
 To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow.
 I will arise and shew my Sovereignty ;
 Ile make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly ;
 Though

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 79

Though with the Powers of Hell they have com-
I will pursue them, & they shall not find [bin'd
A hiding place my vengeance to avoid,
Till by my fury they be all destroy'd.
I will bring down each high and lofty head,
Their mighty ones like Mortar I will tread.
Thy cause Ile plead, though silent I have stood,
Ile be reveng'd for all the Righteous blood
That has run down like to a Mighty flood.
And therefore now Ile make no long delay,
What's due to Justice, they shall surely pay;
Besides the bloody wrongs thou dost repeat,
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat
Me to avenge their blood, therefore I will
Come down in fury, and those Monsters kill;
Then, thou before me very strong shalt wax,
For Ile make thee my dreadful Battel Ax.
Thy Horn shall Iron be, & thy Hoof Brass, [race.
With which thou shalt tread down the Serpents
Thy *Sons* that scatter'd are the Earth throughout,
I will soon gather with a Mighty shout.
The Mighty they shall overcome with Slings,
And bind in Fetters persecuting Kings.
Ile lay thy Stones with Colours fair and sure,
Thy strong Foundation shall be Saphyrs pure;
Although I seem'd to have forsaken thee,
Yet, from all bondage I will set thee free,
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,
Ile turn my hand upon the bloody Whore;
Because thou dost my holy Name profess,
I'll break in peices them that thee oppress:

Arm'd with Commission from the Great *Jehove*,
 I will come down and all thy Grievs remove.
 All Weapons form'd against my *Sion*, shall
 Unprosperous prove, for I will break them all.
 I'll teach thy Children, give thee lasting Peace,
 Converted Gentiles shall the Church increase.
 Though wicked men with words do thee deride,
 Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every side.
 Each hungry Soul with plenty I will feed,
 The Earth I will divide among thy Seed.
 I've promis'd that they shall the world possess,
 And will perform it now in Righteousness.
 I will descend unto my Holy Hill,
 The Earth with knowledge I will quickly fill.
 I will suppress all Luxury and Riot,
 The *Heathen* in my presence shall be quiet.
 Above all Kings I will exalted be,
 And Rule the Earth with Sovereign Majesty.
 When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,
 Then thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine;
 And with thy Children in sweet Consort sing,
 Triumphant Hallelujahs to your King.

S I O N.

O Matchless Grace! and Love beyond degree!
 Now I am certain there is none like Thee,
 In Heav'n or Earth, were there ten thousand more,
 For thou hast found a Salve for every Sore.

Transf.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 81

Transported by thy Love, with joy I cry,
My Ravisht Spirit must exalt the high
And mighty Lord, by whose unbounded grace,
My hearts enlarg'd to run the blessed Race;
Thou shalt conduct me to thy living Springs;
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings,
Unto the Heavenly Mount of Faith's desire,
Where I thy Grace and Glory will admire;
Then I'll descend from those Abodes above,
To be embraced in the Arms of Love.
I'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go,
For by thy loss, O what a Depth of Woe
Did I sustain! In what a dreadful Case
Was I, when thou didst hide thy glorious face!
Thee having, though nought else, what have I not?
Without thee, though all else, what have I got?
Lord having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
Without thee nothing is of worth to me;
All things are vile--when once compar'd to thee.
To be thy Portion. Lord, thou didst me chuse,
And thou my Portion art: I'll ne're refuse
So rich a Grace: thou art my Heritage,
Thou art a God of Love from Age to Age,
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee,
For thou alone, my Hiding-place shalt be.
In time of trouble and of fury great,
I will unto thy Holy Name retreat;
Which is a sure defence to all that fly
With care and speed from their Iniquity.

G

When

82 *David's Song in Distress: Or,*

When I was down, thou lift'est me up on high,
 And I thy Name will therefore magnify.
 O Lord, with Patience I will undergo
 Their indignation, for I well do know
 I have provok't thy great and glorious Name,
 Which is the cause that I do suffer shame:
 Although at present I am low and mean,
 Poor and despis'd, and so long time have been;
 Thou canst all Sorrows to thy *Sion* bless,
 I therefore, in thy Pleasure acquiesce;
 I'll wait upon thee, till thou dost arise
 To break in pieces all mine Enemies:
 My precious Cause then I do leave with thee,
 Which thou, O Lord, wilt surely plead for me;
 Thy Voice is to my ravish'd Soul so sweet,
 That I'm reviv'd, and set upon my feet:
 I'll speak thy Praise in Songs, because I see
 That *Glory* near, which thou hast promis'd me.

And now thou bloody Whore, that art my Foe,
 My time is at hand, which thou shalt quickly know.
 My God has not forsaken me, for now
 He will advance me, and make thee to bow:
 Then shalt thou hide (for shame) thy filthy Head,
 Whilst I, in Triumph, shall upon thee tread;
 Because so long, thou hast upon me trod,
 And in Contempt hast said, Where is thy God?
 He will therefore in Right retaliate,
 And bring just Vengeance on thy cursed Race.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 83

Babylon.

POOOR Sion ! thou art much mistaken ;
I'm mounted high, thou art forsaken ;
Sure thou art Frantick, when thou do'st
Make such a vain and groundloss boast ;
The final Conquest must be mine,
And swift Destruction must be thine ;
For all my Wounds I've got a Cure,
From all your Darts I am secure,
I am arriv'd at height of Bliss,
My Glory in it's Zenith is.
I am a Queen, and shall remain
Supream on Earth, I only reign
In glitt'ring Grandeur over all.
Great Monarchs Me their Mistress call ;
How can I fall, when such a Prop
Supports, as my Lord God the P O P E ?
All Men on Earth, His Vassals are,
Who sits in Peter's Holy Chair ;
The Empire of the World he hath,
He keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.
Dost think he fears the little tricks
Of thy small brood of Hereticks ?
He can make use (when he doth please)
Of Peter's Sword, as well as Keys.
His Canons roar, as loud as Guns,
To crush thy feeble, Pigmy-Sons.
Let but his Bulls give an Alarm,
He'll make all Christendom to Arm

Them-

*Themselves in my defence, and work
 Thine Overthrow ; didst thou not lurk
 Some Hundred Years, that none could see,
 Or know, what was become of thee ?
 He that could rend thy force asunder,
 Has still the Strength to keep the under :
 He will thee in Subjection keep,
 So that thou shalt not dare to peep.
 Am I not armed with the Power
 Of all the Earth ? I can devour
 Your Int'rest at a single Mess,
 I have fit Cooks such Meals to dress ;
 Th' Imperial and the Regal Sword
 Are brandish'd when I give the Word :
 Great Princes, Dukes, and Nobles will
 With all their force My Mind fulfil ;
 My Gentry who brave Heroes are,
 Resolved be, no Pains to spare ;
 Their Very Lives they'll freely spend
 To bring my Purpose to an end ;
 My Brisk Mounseurs, My Spanish Dons,
 Will over-match thy silly Sons :
 My Rogues in Grain, I ready have,
 Obedient like a Turkey-slave :
 If bid to thrust their bloody Knives
 In Throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,
 In any's but their own they'll do't,
 And lay them sprawling at my Foot.
 Give Teagues and Tors at my Beck,
 Wiping their Heads as Chickens Neck ;*

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 85

*Try'd Villains! that will never start
From Mothers Womb to tear the heart
Of Unborn-Infants; they'll devour,
Then rip her up in half an hour:
Faint Rogues will melt with qualms of fears
At Fathers Groans, or Mothers Tears;
But mine are void of any Sense,
Not plagu'd with bawling Conscience.
To some I give no constant pay,
Yet they can hurt and live by Prey.
Your Infants that (like Carps) are stew'd
In their own blood, their Chops have chew'd:
The Fathers Cawls shall make a light
For those Sweet Banquets of the Night.
What 'ere my greedy Stomach craves,
But Nod, 'tis done, by ready Slaves:
They know no scruples nor dispute,
But act just like a Turkish Mute.
Besides all these, I could describe
Vast Musters of my Sacred Tribe:
My Clergy makes a numerous Host,
That wait in swarms in every Coast:
Yea, ev'n in all Rebellious Regions,
I have in secret Armed Legions:
A Great Grandee my Ensign carries,
The Jesuits are my Janisaries.
Thou see'st what Troops do guard my Chair,
What canst thou do then but Despair?
Thou see'st me lodg'd in safe abode,
Whilst thou'rt forsaken by thy God.*

*Hee's doubtless pleas'd with my behaviour;
 For I alone have got his Favour.
 Th' Apocalyptick Prophecy
 You falsely do to me apply;
 For I from Sin am washed clean;
 Thou art the Whore, he there does mean:
 I am the Church, and therefore I,
 Thy Threats, Thy GOD, and Thee, Defie.*

S I O N.

L Eave off, leave off, thou *Bloudy minded Whore:*
 Imagine not that thou shalt *Evermore*
 Thus *Domineer* in *Pomp and sawcy Pride,*
 For God e're long, *thy Rulers will divide.*
 Those *Mighty Ones,* in whom is *all thy Trust,*
 Long shall not hold, but into *pieces* must
 Be surely broken: thou shalt *quickly* see
 The *swift beginning* of thy *Misery.*
 Those that did love thee *most,* will hate thee so,
 That they will seek thy utter *Overthrow;*
 As was their *love,* their *hatred* then will be,
 And to *destroy* thee they will all agree.
 Thou hast *inlav'd* them to thy *bruitish Lust,*
 Whilst they (like *simple Fools*) in no wise durst
 Offend or cross thy *base and bloudy mind;*
 That they have been *bewitcht,* they then will find,
 By thine *alluring Voice,* and *lustful Eye,*
 To joyn with thee in *black Iniquity.*
 Thy *Flatteries* shall then no more deceive;
 Nor thy *base Whoredoms* thousands more bereave

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 89

Of inward peace, and outward riches, so
As they have been, to their eternal Wo :
Then shall they see thy Villanous Intent,
In setting them against the Innocent.
To Glue thy Base Adulterous Desire,
Their sinful hearts were in a flaming Fire,
And through the Instigation of the Devil,
Became partakers of this Monstrous Evil.
But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear
Some Dreadful Noise: see how the Mountains tear
And Mighty Hills do into pieces fly ;
Whilst Lightning flashes through the Angry Sky :
The Stars and Planets in Confusion hurl'd,
Have banisht Natures Order from the World.
See how the Melting Orbs of Heav'n sweat, (heat,
Like Parchment Parcht, and shrivel'd up with
Loud Thunder-Cracks through the Enraged Air,
With frightful Aspects Meteors do appear,
To usher in the Day of Heav'ns dread Ire
On those, who do against the Saints conspire.
Gods (long incens'd) Majesty is come
To judge the Whore, and pass her final Doom.
Of Treason she is under an Attainder,
For which Impartial Justice will arraign her.
She's seiz'd upon, and in the Jaylors hands,
Who only waits for Justices Commands.
Jehovah bids, that Babylon the Great
Be forthwith brought before his Judgment-Seat!

Justice.

Most Sovereign Lord, who is't darest gainsay
 What thou command'st ? I must and will
 Lo, here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth (obey
 Before thee, who createdst Heav'n and Earth :
 Thy *Judgment-Seat* she seems to slight and scorn,
 Says she's as *guiltless as the Child unborn*.

JEHOVAH.

Her Crimes lay open, and her faults declare;
 Turn up her Skirts and let her Faults appear :
 Let th' Universe by her Indictment see
 The cause of my most just Severity.

Justice.

DRead Sovereign of the World ! I will proceed,
 And will her *black Indictment* loudly read.
 Come forth, *Great Whore* ! and hear your dismal
 Charge,

Which shall by *Proofs* be evidenc'd at large.
 By the Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,
 And by the name of *Whore*, thou stand'st Indicted.
 Thou void of *Grace*, and Gods most *Holy Fear*,
 To *Satans Machinations* didst adhere ;
 With him, to Plot against thy Sov'reign Prince,
 To whom thou oughtest to yield Preheminence.
 In *Ancient times* he was thine only *Spouse*,
 (Our Holy Law no *Bigamy* allows)
 Yet thou hast him perfidiously forsook,
 And to thy self another Husband took ; And

The Groans of the Protevant Church. 89

And with a graceless *Impudence* art led
By thy lewd Train, to an *Adult'rous Bed*.
Thou hast dethron'd him, and thy *brazen face*
Sets up a *Monstrous Traytor* in his place,
To whom thou hast *Blasphemous Titles* given,
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven*.
Thou hast not only playd th' *Adulteress*,
But plain *Idolatry* thou dost profess;
Of *Treason, Murder, Theft*, (abhorred things!)
Of *Burning Citys*, *poysoning of Kings*,
Of *Underming States*, and furthermore,
Of *spoiling Trade*, and making *Kingdoms poor*,
Of *horrid Plots*, of *causeless bloody Wars*,
And of *contriving cruel Massacres*,
Thou guilty art; thy bloody *Rage* has hurl'd
Millions of Innocents out of the *World*:
Prodigious Numbers have in *divers Lands*
Been *Sacrific'd* by thy *bloud-thirsty hands*.
Insatiate Butcheries that know no end!
Thou stabd'st men, when thou *pity* didst pretend.
In times of *Peace* thy horrid *rage* has shed
Bloud without *Measure*, thou hast *murthered*
(*Perfidious Wretch!*) thy nearest *Neighbours* when
They thought themselves the *most secure of men*,
Thou hast made *Currents of their guiltless bloud*
To run like *Waters* of a mighty *Flood*;
So void of *Pity*, your *inhuman rage*
Destroy'd the *Saints*, and spar'd no *Sex* nor *Age*.
Speak *Bloudy Who're*, hold up thy *Graceless Head*,
Guilty, or Not? By *Law* thou art to *plead*.

Babylon.

Babylon.

Look down, Blest Virgin! and bid Justice stay:
 Speak to thy Son to drive my Foes away:
 You Glorious Saints, who near St. Mary stand,
 In my distress, lend me your helping hand.
 All Angels, and Arch-Angels I invoke,
 To strengthen me, and to divert the Stroke:
 These Hereticks will work my overthrow,
 I am amaz'd, I know not what to do!

Belzebub.

(pause,
What needs my Darling thus to stand and
 Thou know'st the Custom of our Romish
 Though black as Hell, yet be not so forlorn; (Laws,
 Swear, that thou'rt guiltless, as the Child unborn.
 What Violence to Hereticks you do,
 Is lawful, honest, and your Duty too.

Justice.

Plead Vile Delinquent! or thou shalt receive
 The Fatal Sentence which I am to give.

Babylon.

I Do affirm the Charge is false, and I
 All Points of this Indictment do deny.
 Produce your Proofs, I'll stand in just Defence
 Of my apparent, spotless Innocence.

Justice.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 91

Justice.

THat like a *Harlot*, of thine one accord,
Thou hast forsaken thine *Espoused Lord*,
Will be made evident (to thy disgrace)
By clear *probation* in its proper place.
You say, that you your God can daily make,
Which is an Idol of a *Waffer-Cake*.
If thou dost *Shrines* and *Images* adore,
And prov'd to be th' *Apocaliptick Whore* ;
If thou upon the *Scarlet Beast* doth sit,
And Lewdness with so many Kings commit ;
It clearly follows from these *Marks*, that thou
Art a meer *Strumpet*, and hast broke thy *Vow*.
If thou art by the *Papal Edicts* led,
Dis-owning Christ, and making *that* thy Head :
The consequence is clear, for thou must be
Guilty of *Whoredom* and *Idolatry*.
And to examine thy Notorious Deeds,
This great *Tribunal* out of hand proceeds :
Call in the *Witnesses*----

*Waldenses, Albigenfes, Protestants of Piedmont,
Savoy, &c.*

-----**D** Read *Lord !* we're here,
And with our just Complaints do now appear.
That Bloudy *Whore*, the *Prisoner at the Bar*,
Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,
Because we would not to her Idols bow,
Nor her curs'd Edicts and base pranks allow.

About

About the dismal Year of *Fifty Five*,
 A dreadful *Massacre* she did contrive
 Within the Territories of *Savoy*,
 Where thirty Thousand Souls she did destroy
 In three days time, Curs'd *Edicts* bid them
 To *Popery*, or they must hang or burn.
 Which when those *Innocents* refus'd to do,
 Most horrid *Execution* did ensue ; (beaten
 Our Brethrens Brains out of their Heads were
 And by her Imps were fry'd and after eat :
 Our Children rent to pieces, thrown to Dogs,
 And our dear Pastors flung (as Meat) to Hogs ;
 Others on Pikes into the Air were tost,
 And many others they alive did roast ; (hearts,
 Some ty'd with Ropes they pierc'd unto the
 And hung up others by their *Secret Parts*.
 Houses and Barn-fulls they have burnt, so that
 Our *Sufferings* are beyond an *Estimate*.

Bohemia, Germany, Poland, Lithuania, &c.

TO satisfy this cruel *Strumpets* Lust,
 Some thousands have been turned unto dust :
 Our Towns and Famous Cities of Renown
 She hath dis-peopled, burnt or broken down :
 The Ruins still appear and Desolations
 In many places of our *Spoiled Nations*.
 Great Multitudes un-numbered were our Slain,
 Which in the Field unburied did remain :
 Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam
 And they consum'd them in a lingring flame.

Some

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 119

Some she has into boyling Cauldrons put,
And many others into pieces cut,
Without respect unto the *Hoary Head*,
Into their *throats* they pour'd down melted *Lead*;
And many other deaths she did contrive:
Some burned were, and others fled alive.
Into deep *Mines*, three thousand Souls and more,
At several times were tumbled by this *Whore*;
Because they would not their *Religion* leave,
And unto *Romish Superstitions* cleave,
That worthy Man *John Hus*, was burn'd to death,
For owning of the *Apostolick Faith*;
Jerom, of *Prague*, to fill her *Measure* up,
She made, soon after, drink of the same *Cup*.
'Twere endless to enumerate our grief:
From thee, *Just Judge*, we do expect *Relief*.

France.

AH! How shall I my inward grief disclose!
What *Tongue* is able to recount my Woes?
Prodigious Numbers of my *Natives* have,
By this *Whores* means, found an untimely *Grave*.
The bar'rous *Harlot* would not be content,
To kill or drive them into *Banishment*;
But with unheard of *Crueltys* she must
Their Bodys *mangle*, to assuage her *Lust*;
Some hang'd in *water*, yield their strangl'd *breath*;
Some brain'd on *Arrows*, some were starv'd to death;
Some hall'd with *Puppies*, till the *Top* they meet
With heavy *Weights* and *Loads* upon their feet,
Rapt

Rap't Maidens stab'd, poor Infants yet unborn,
 From *Mother's Wombs* by *bloody hands* were torn
 How many thousand *guiltless Christians* were
 Butcher'd in the *Parisian* Massacre?

Some broke on *Crosses*, some were cut in twain,
 Whilst others languish in a lingering pain.

Our worthy Kings have lost their *Noble Lives*
 By *Jesuits* *Poyson* and by *Monkish Knives*.

I can produce an uncontroll'd *Record*
 Of many *Thousands* Murder'd by the *Sword*.
 It would require whole *Volumes* to transcribe
 The *bloody acts* of this *Infernal Tribe*.

Deep *dolour* hinders what I would say more!
 O *Glorious Judge*! *avenge* me on this *Whore*.

Italy, Spain, Portugal, Low Countrys, &c.

REnowned Judge! those *Witnesses* that have
 Their *Grief* presented & do *Judgment* crave,
Save us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the same from this blood-thirsty Whore.
 Besides, being next her *Seat*, and near her *Power*,
 Her *greedy Jaws* our *Brethren* did devour
 With *cruel Spite*, and without *intermission*,
 We have been *tortur'd* in her *Inquisition*.
 No *Tongue* can speak the *unexampled terror*
 Of that *curst Pattern* of *Infernal horror*.
 They count it *mild*, when they our *Persons* burn,
 And *Wives* and *Children* into *Ashes* turn, (cut
 They say they're *courtcons* when our *Throats* they
 Or when in *Dungeons* (*vile as Hell*) we're put.
 They

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 95

They say they favour us, when they employ
Their Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy.
In lingring Flames they did our Brethren roast,
On Halberts tops we saw our Infants tost :
All this we've suffer'd, and a Thousand more,
And that by means of this Infernal VVhore.

Ireland.

COULD deepest grief receive Additions, I
VVould give Examples of her Cruelty.
I can her in more monstrous colours draw,
Than Bloudy *Nero*, or *Caligula*.
Those horrid Tortures which my Brethren say
She exercis'd on them, the same I may
Affirm t' have suffer'd, by the instigation
Of this vile Strumpet, whose Abomination
Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation.
Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin
Our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin
Unpardonable, if they durst to give
Quarter, or our Necessities relieve ;
Some they stript Naked, then they bid them go
Through *Bogs* and *Mountains* in the *Frost* and *Snow*,
Men, VVomen, Children, then were butchered,
And all that spoke our Language, punished ;
The very Cattel, if of *English* breed, (feed.
They slasht and mangled, that they could not
VVith joy, that *Romish* and rebellious Brood
Have wash't their hands in Martyr'd *English* blood.

Thousands

Thousands of naked Protestants that fled
 From these *Barbarians* have been famished.
 Their faithless Gentry, that pretended love,
 Perswaded th' *English* that they would remove
 Their Goods to them, Yet (once possession got)
 They (like perfidious wretches) cut their Throat.
 Numbers of Naked VVomen they did drive
 Into a Birn, and burnt them all alive.

Each Sex and Age, that could not from them fly,
 Did by these Blood-hounds, without mercy die.

Once at the fatal Bridge of *Portladown*,

A thousand Souls these Miscreants did drown ;

A couple (with five Children) first they hung,

And in a Hole th' expiring bodies flung ;

The youngest on the Mothers breast did stick,

Cries, *Mummy, Mammy*, yet is buried quick.

Some hackt to pieces, travailing *Women* strip'd,

And half-born Infants from their bellies rip'd !

VVhich (with their Mothers) hungry *Dogs* did eat,

And Swine fed on them, as on common meat.

VVhen some poor Souls in burning Houses Cry,

The Villains said, *How sweetly do they fry !*

VVhen Holy Scripture in the Flames did cast,

They cry, 'Tis *Hell-fire*, and a lovely blast ;

That blessed Book, when some have trampled on,

They cry, *Plague on't, that has the mischief done.*

They made poor wives their husbands blood to spill,

And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill.

They forc'd the Son to stab his dearest Mother,

And then one Brother to destroy the other.

Some

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 97

Some they put fast in Stocks, then teach a Brat
To rip them, and make Candles of their Fat.
How many Virgins did they Ravish first? (thirst!
Then with their hearts-blood quench their eager
Some they did bury just unto the Head,
And left them on surrounding Grass to feed.
Stuck fast on *Tenter-hooks* grave Matrons were,
And Virgins hang'd up in their Mothers Hair.
Some, with their small Guts, were forced to run
About a Tree, until their Life was gone.
The Mouths of Godly Ministers they cut
Unto their Ears; betwixt their Jaws they put
A monstrous Gag, then with a Romish Scoff
Bid them *go preach, their Mouths were large enough.*
These hellish furies brag'd, that (to their joy)
They did Two hundred thousand Souls destroy.
VVe therefore pray, as others did before,
For a just Sentence on this bloody VVhore.

Scotland.

O Monstrous horror! Oh abhorred sink
Of Villany! O bloody Throats that drink
The Bloods of Innocents! which oft they quaff
As freely as a common Mornings Draught!
Thousands of mine were butchered by this *Whore,*
In that poor Nation, that has spoke before
The sufferings of my guiltless Natives, were
Equal with theirs in every tittle there.
Yet this blood thirsty Curtezian of *Rome,*
Was not content, but tortur'd me at home.

Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some banished
Some drown'd, and some in Dungeons murdered.
 A sinking Grief forbids me to enlarge,
 Or else with ease I'd aggravate her charge.
 Since Gospel Light did in my Borders shine,
 She thirsted to destroy both me and mine.
 Her Imps all parts, like filthy Locusts fill,
 And such as they cannot delude, they kill.
 Her Wolves put on the Habit of my Sheep,
 And in their Folds destroy them as they sleep.
 They have an Art to work upon the weak,
 That they Gods Order should in pieces break;
 Under pretences of reform'd Devotion,
 They instigate the Rabble to Commotion;
 That in those troubled Waters they may fish,
 And bring about their long expected wish.
 Their cursed Politicks have been employ'd,
 To ruin those that they have so decoy'd.
 A thousand Forgeries they do invent,
 To charge their Plots upon the innocent:
 That (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)
 Poor guiltless Saints the Victims may be made.
 Thus have I open'd something of my Grief,
 And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

England.

HAd I as many Tongues at my commands,
 As *Argus* Eyes, or as *Briareus* Hands;
 I scarce could in a Century express
 One half of my unspeakable distress!

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 99

In every Age I had some Sons of Light,
That would discover *Romes Egyptian Night* ;
Yet they no sooner on the Stage appear,
But that her Setting Dogs, like *Blood-hounds*, were,
Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,
Until to death they did them persecute.
My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,
And on my Neck clapt her Tyranick Yoke.
Vast Treasures from my Natives were extorted,
And to enrich her Exchequer transported.
Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annales, Peter-pence. (led,
And though each Land where she her Triumphs
Whole swarms of Locusts Priests and Friers
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (bred,
Were faithful slaves still to promote her work.
Whilst to maintain these Drones, she swept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.
Such as would not be by her Witch-craft led
Were tortur'd, murderd, burnt or massacred.
The Papal Beast could in a Frolick tell
I was his Fountain inexhaustible.
She planted Priests, and Ganimedes she rooted
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted ;
With such a pest of vile Debaucheries,
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels outvies.
She crushes any that her Acts opposes ;
My Kings she Poisons, Murders or Deposets.
Some she deludes her Sovereignty to own,
And does instruct them to betray the Crown.

Her lurking Imps do menace me with storms,
 Like *Egypt's* Frogs in pestilential swarms.
 She is so greedy nothing will suffice,
 Unless I'm made a general Sacrifice.
 'Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways
 She martyr'd Protestants in *Marian* days.
 There was I made a dismal Field of Blood,
 Which ran like Currents of a swelling flood.
 She stirs the *Spaniard* in a great bravado;
 For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.
 The hellish *Powder Treason* she prepares,
 At once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers:
 Her hellish Brands (without a spark of pity)
 Consum'd to Ashes my Imperial City.
 Nought but my Ruine her can satiate,
 My Justices she does assassinate.
 For many years she has been carrying on
 A damn'd Intreague for my Destruction.
 And all the ways that Satan prompts her to
 Contrive my fall, she's ready still to do.
 Her spite and malice nothing will abate,
 Its still more deadly and inveterate.
 Dread Providence shall ever have my thanks,
 That has discover'd her infernal pranks;
 Yet I am still in danger, and therefore
 Do beg just sentence on this bloody VVhore.

The Evidence summed up.

O Gulph of horror! O profound Abyss!
 Was ever mischief half so black as this!

Thou

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 101

Thou monstrous Whore, what Language can ex-
The boundless measure of thy wickedness? (press
Throughout the Earth thou hast such mischief
As is amazing to a humane thought. (wrought,
It would compel a heart of stone to melt,
When it revolves what *Protestants* have felt.
Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,
Has Persecuted them in every age;
Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,
And all the Tortures which thou could'st devise,
Thou didst inflict, as Testimony shows; (Toes;
Some thou didst hang by the Head, some by the
Some Millions thou didst burn and broil on Coles,
And others starve to death in stinking holes.
Some thou didst cut to pieces very small,
And Infants Brains didst dash against the Wall.
Upon their Bodies thou didst tread like dung,
Thou hadst no mercy upon old or young.
By thy curs'd crew were Women ravished,
Who then (like Butchers) knockt 'em on the head.
Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd
Some were made harborless, & forc'd about (out,
To wander, till in Woods and dismal Caves
They found their woful and untimely Graves.
What rocky heart but justly may admire
Thy rage, that made poor Children to set fire
To fatal piles in which their Parents dear
In cruel flames consum'd to ashes were.
Thy wicked Agents have some Millions slain,
Who did endure the most inhumane pain.

Thy Bishops, Monks, and Fryers could devise,
 Whose blood to me for speedy Vengeance Cries.
 The ways thou tookst to run a Soul from error,
 Was unexampled flesh-amazing terror
 Of horrid Racks whereon a Man must lie,
 Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die.
 Accursed Wretch, didst thou not give *Commission*
 For to erect thy bloody *Inquisition* ;
 That loathsome Dungeon and most ghastly Cell,
 A place of horror representing Hell,
 Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,
 Where Martyred Protestants can find no ears
 To hear their Cries and lamentable moans,
 Nor Hearts to pity their extorted groans ;
 Where Saints in *torment* all their days must spend
 Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.
 Thousands by thee were in *Bohemia* slain,
 Whose Carcasses unburied did remain.
 Thou mad'st thy Vassals fall upon that Nation,
 On no less Penalty than their Damnation.
 Didst thou not promise upon that condition
 To give them full and absolute remission ?
 The vilest Wretch that on the Earth has stood,
 You fully pardon'd, if hee'd shed the blood
 Of one *Bohemian* ; O stupendious rage !
 Not to be paralleld in any Age,
 But by thy self, 'twas judg'd *De Alva's* Crime,
 That he destroy'd no more in six years time
 Than eighteen thousand souls; were they so few
 In the account of this blood-thirsty Crew !

But

The Organs of the Protestant Church. 103

But if the Wretch (*De Alva's*) bloody Bill
Come short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments; dreadful to rehearse,
The very mention cannot chuse but pierce
A Marble heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent,
But if all this was over-little still,
His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill:
For from the time thy hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
By cruel torments (which they still retain)
There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,
From that black season when the hellish rage
Of Jesuits acted on the *European Stage*
In *England, France, in Italy and Spain,*
By thy accursed bloody hands were slain,
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,
(E're many years had run their Circuits out)
Of poor *Americans* by cruel *Spain*
In fifty years were many Millions slain.
The poor *Waldenses* whose enlightened eye
Thy filthy Woredoms quickly did espy,
Thou hast with raging Persecutions rent
And murder'd Parents with their innocent (crew
And harmless Babes; thy more than barb'rous
Their cursed hands did in their blood imbrue;
At once were Eighty Infants famished,
And many thousands basely Murthered.
When some have fled into obscurest Caves,
Thy Vilains made their hiding place their Graves,

What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,
And say they have not tasted (to their cost)
Of thy Malignity? What shall I say
Of *Germany*, whose Martyr'd Spirits pray
For speedy Vengeance on thy cursed head?
That Sea of Blood thou hast in *Ireland* shed,
Cries night and day for Justice; now I fix
My serious thoughts upon black sixty six,
Thou bloody Strumpet how canst thou repair
The loss of *Englands* great Imperial Chair!
How many rich men were to beggars turned,
When that brave Isle's *Metropolis* was burned
By thy accursed Imps, Fire-brands of Hell,
Incarnate Devils without parallel.
Brave Merchants of their great Estates bereft,
To day Rich Men, to morrow nothing left;
Their Wives and Children harbourless became,
Their substance all consumed in the flame.
But to conclude, I have not yet forgot
Thy *Powder-Treason*, nor thy Modern Plot;
Nor all thy dismal Villanies that were
Done in the *Merindolian* Massacre.
Should I but recapitulate thy charge,
And speak of all thy Rogueries at large,
'Twould fill vast Volumes; Often did I see
The Lord of Life was Crucified by thee;
When his dear Members blood by thee was shed,
Millions unnumbered basely Murthered.
Yet still thou hast the impudence to say,
That thou art innocent unto this day,

Thou

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 105

ast,

Thou shameless Curtezani, didst thou not run
With filthy Panders, and renounc'd the Son
Of Glory, this did thine Espousals break ;
Canst thou deny it, shameless Strumpet, speak?

Babylon.

I Am the Mother Church, and hence deny
That filthy name I am indicted by.
The odious Epithets of Scarlet Whore,
Is daily laid unjustly at my door.
I am Christs Church, his Spouse and only love,
His undefiled one, and spotless Dove,
Pray then forbear the Sentence, look about
To find that Whore and grand Delinquent out.
Bold Hereticks who never would adhere
To the true Faith and Apostolick Chair,
Have born my just rebukes, some more, some less,
As was their Pride, Rebellion, Wickedness.

Judge.

THOU *graceless Wretch*, that art bereft of shame
How dar'st thou thus deny thy proper name?
Christs Church, his Members never did annoy,
Nor Persecute, and Millions thus destroy.
'Tis to no purpose for thee to dispute,
For all thy Forgeries I can confute.
I am thy Judge, and never will pass by
Thy horrid Acts, and bloody Villany.
The times at hand when I'll fulfil my word,
And in just fury draw my glittering sword.

My

My frown shall make thy proud *foundation* quake,
 And all the Pillars of thy House I'll shake.
 Dost think because I did forbear so long,
 That I'll revenge not my dear Childrens wrong?
 What I resolve to do or will command,
 No Pope nor Devil can the same withstand.
 He that presum'd great Monarchs to Depose,
 Shall soon be tumbled down by some of those
 Whom he so cruelt; from Hell he did ascend,
 And thither shall be flung down in the end.
 He'll surely fall and never rise again;
 The hope thou hast of him is therefore vain;
 Ther's no recalling of the Sentence gone,
 Thy Execution-day approaches on;
 Thy Pardon-Merchants then shall cry and howl,
 And thy Destruction (in this sort) condole.
Illustrious City thou wert great and fair,
Most brave and sumptuous, ev'n beyond compare.
Alas! how quickly are thy Judgments come,
Thy fall, thy ruin, and thy final Doom.
Our Trade is gone, our gainful Merchandize
Is lost, and no Man does regard our Cries.
O sad Destruction! we are all undone,
What shall we do, or whither shall we run?
O that the Mountains and the Hills would cover
Us, till the Vengeance of the Lord be over!

Truth.

Most glorious Judge, since this bold Whore
 Her filthy lewdness, and Adulteries, denies
 Let

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 107

Let me but prove it, and proclaim her shame,
'Tis known that I a faithful Witness am.
It has been Evidenc'd by Vision clear (pear,
That some strange Monster should on Earth ap-
Which by imperfect views did first amaze
Sagacious minds when they on it did gaze;
VVhich made mens Judgments to divide asunder
To see an Object of unusual VVonder,
A VVoman! City! and a Scarlet VVhore!
The like on Earth was never seen before.
A VVoman in her pompous glory drest,
And sitting on a Monstrous Horned Beast,
VVho is decyphered by prodigious things,
His very Horns (explain'd) are Crowned Kings.
And then this mighty wonder to compieat,
She's plac'd on a Seven-hilled Seat;
She's stiled a Woman, and a Whore, because
She once submitted to Enacted Laws,
As other Women do, when they do wed
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriage Bed.
And who this Woman is, shall now be known,
Her proper Title is (*Great Babylon*)
VVho in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,
Excelling haughty *Jezabel* in Pride;
VVho in our modern times hath boasting been,
That she Rules all men as a mighty Queen,
Trampling on Kings and Crowned Potentates,
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths, and
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey, (States,
Pressing the Beast, and Horns to kill and slay

At such a rate, as that all *Christendom*
 Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become.
 If by this Mark she is not understood,
 Neither by Garb, Beast, Actions, or by Blood,
 To other ways of proof, I'll quickly come
 And shew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.
 The Woman which th' Apostle *John* beheld
 Arrayed in Purple, and in Pomp upheld
 By that blasphemous, scarlet-colour'd Beast,
 That was with Gold and Stones of value drest:
 Holding a Cup full of Abominations,
 And black Pollutions of her Fornications;
 That with great Kings Adultery commits,
 And on a Sev'n hill'd Habitation fits,
 The holy Angel of the Lord explains *Rev. 17. 18.*
 That 'tis that City which so proudly Reigns
 Over the Kings of th' Earth; but all these Notes,
 And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,
 With Papal *Rome*, exactly do agree,
 She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be.
 If all the Marks that of this *Whore* are given
 Will not meet any where so plain and even
 As on the *Church* and *People* I did name,
 Then certainly *She* is the very same;
 First, then 'tis evident that there is none
 May be so fitly stiled *Babylon*.
 Was *Babylon* a People of Renown?
 To that same height the *Church of Rome* is grown.
 Had *Babylon* a great and peerless King?
 This *Church* can shew an *Image* of that thing.

Did

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 109

Did *Babylon* poor *Israel* invade?
This Church on *Sion* the same Inrodes made.
Did *Babylon* make *Salem* desolate?
This hath brought *Sion* near to that Estate.
Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their *Tears*,
Shake *Kingdoms*, and fill *Peoples hearts* with fears?
This Church hath done so; yea, and far out-done
Her *Anti-Type*, and so beyond her run.
Did *Babylon* the *Prophets* bear away
Into *Captivity*, and make a Prey
Of all the *Treasure* that her hand could find?
This Papal Church is not a whit behind.
On th' ablest guides she laid her Hellish hands,
Confining them to *Prison* under *Bands*;
As if 'twere not enough for her to do,
She seiz'd their Persons, and their substance too.
Did *Babylon* God's Worship over-throw,
Set up an *Idol*, and command to Bow? (more,
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much
Fill'd heaped measure, and much running o're.
'Twas she that took the *Word of God* away,
And by a string of Beads taught Men to pray.
She rob'd the Layety of the blessed Cup,
And spoil'd the Feast where Children came to Sup,
At the Lords Table where they us'd to mind
The blessed things their Saviour left behind.
She did set up her Superstitious Mass,
As rank an *Idol* as yet ever was,
Commanding adoration to be given
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;
Imposing

Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
 Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions;
 Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
 Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
 She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
 Boasts all her Dictates are Infallible.
 Did *Babylon* the burning work begin?
 Make a hot Furnace? thrust Gods *Worthies* in?
 This Church herein hath driven such a trade,
 That thousands, broiling Martyrs she hath made.
 She sets the Pope above the Holy One,
 The great *Jehovah* and his blessed Son.
 'Tis she declares him Universal Head,
 'Tis she forbids the *Bible* to be read:
 'Tis she that first did from the Faith depart,
 'Tis she that wounded *Sion* to the heart.
 'Tis she hath been the occasion of all Evil,
 'Tis she advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil.
 'Tis she that taught her Sons to swear and lie,
 To vouch great Falshoods, and plain truths deny.
 'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage Bed,
 VVhilst her vile Clergy such ill Lives have led.
 VVas it not she that Canon did create,
 Commanding plainly to abstain from meat,
 Which God gave Licence unto all to eat?
 If from this charge she can her self defend,
 Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend.
 Or if she can produce another Tribe,
 To whom we may this Character ascribe;
 With greater cleanness than we do to her,
 We will consent her Sentence to defer. Judge.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 111

Judge.

Rome, since thou canst not make a fair defence
And shew to all the World thine Innocence:
'Tis very evident that all these things,
Have been fulfilled on *Kingdoms* and their Kings:
And now if there no other People be,
That did the like, then thou alone art she;
Let thy denials trouble Men no more,
Thou only art the *bloudy Scarlet Whore*.
Therefore in Justice I at length am come,
(Being long provokt) to pass thy Final Doom.

The SENTENCE.

Rome, Thou hast been Indicted by the Name of *Mystery, Babylon, Mother of Harlots, Scarlet-coloured Whore,* and *False Church, or pretended Spouse of Jesus Christ*. And found guilty of all these horrid and prodigious Crimes following.

Thou didst first fall from the *Holy Religion* of God and his Son, which were established and professed in the *Apostles* time. Thou didst set up the vile Monster the *Pope, the Man of Sin*, that foul, Blasphemous *Beast*. Thou didst most sacrilegiously give those Attributes and Titles to him, that belong to *Jehovah* and the Great *Emmanuel*. Thou mad'st his Decrees in Wicked Counsels, above the *Laws of God*, (the Universal Sovereign) thou hast made void the *Laws and Constitutions* of the Gospel, forming whole Nations into Churches, though the greatest part do shew themselves the worst of Men. Thou hast made Nurseries of *Priests and vile Men*, and impowered them to take Confessions for Money, and forgive Sins. Thou hast hypocritically abused all sorts of People, by perswading them that thou hast power to heal their Souls here, and help them hereafter; by which cursed *Frauds* thou hast drawn a great part of the *Riches of Europe* into

into thine unhallowed hands. Thou hast laid *Close Siege* to the Courts of Princes, and drawn them into the highest strains of Wickedness, to commit *fornication*, promote *Idolatry*, and take away the Lives of *Imnocents*. Thou hast layn in wait (where they would not fulfil thy bloudy and barbarous Lusts) to contrive *Treasons*, *Sedition*, and *Rebellion* against them, to Depose and Murder them by *Excommunications*, *Poysons*, and *Powder+Plots*. Thou hast corrupted all Countrys and Kingdoms (where thy Power extended) by such downright and abominable *Idolatrys*; that *Heathens* themselves were never guilty of worse. Thou hast not only countenanced *Stews* and *Brothel-Houses*, where abominable *Sodomy* and *Adulteries* are practiced, but even thy very *Nunneries* are become Habitations of *Whoredom* and *Filthiness*, the bottoms of whole Motes and Ponds, have shewed the Murders of New born Babes. Thou hast kill'd the best Men; thou hast not spared delicate Women and sucking Children. Thou hast made away many Millions both of *Christians* and poor *Heathens*. And after so Hellish a sort, that the best learned Hearts and Tongues want *Rhetorick* to set it forth; thou hast cut them to pieces in cool Bloud, thou hast chained to Stakes and burnt them. Thou hast ripped up Women with Child, and Ravisht Women and Maids—and then hast barbarously slain them—Thou hast been guilty of Burying Alive, Roasting upon Spits, Scalding with burning Oyl and boyling Lead—Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun-Powder; thou hast made Women Widows, Children Fatherless; Houses and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou hast destroyed by Fire and Sword and all manner of Hostilities and Outrages. Thou hast fomented Wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou hast done thy endeavour to make all men Slaves, cut thy own accursed Tribe of *Cardinals*, *Arch-Bishops*, *Bishops*, &c.. Thou hast Murder'd Multitudes of Souls, as well as destroyed multitudes of Bodys. In short, thou hast filled the Earth with Corruption, and loaded it with Oppression, and standest in the way of its pro-

mised

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 113

mis'd Deliverance and Restitution. And for all their Apostacy, Oppressions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treasons, and Blasphemies, with the guilt of a mighty Mass of Innocent Blood, which hath been proved against thee, and from which thou canst not defend thy self, and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughtest to suffer, thy Sentence therefore is—

Thou shalt continue in safe Custody till the 1260 Years be expired, (which is now very near) and then thou shalt be taken from off the Beast, where thou art imperiously Mounted, thy Golden Cap (with which thou hast deceived the Nations) shall be taken out of thy hand, and by the Hand of God, the Horns of Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou shalt have these Judgments come upon thee in one day, Death, Mourning, and Famine, and thou shalt be utterly burnt with Fire, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and slain her Sovereign; At which all the Host of Saints and Angels, shall say Amen, — Hallelujah.

The Author's Request.

1. **S**ome things, great God, my Soul doth long to have,
Before these transient days of mine be o'er;
Which things in deep humility I crave,
Before I go from hence, and be no more.
Till my Requests I can of thee obtain,
I shall be filled with sorrow, grief, and pain.
2. Alas my Grievs are now increased double!
O that thou would'st be pleas'd to hear O Lord!
Then shu'd my Soul be free from inward trouble
If what I humbly ask thou would'st afford
Until thy Grace allows me my Request,
I cannot cease, nor give thee any rest.

I 3. 'Tis

114 *Sin in Distress: Or,*

3. 'Tis not for fading Riches of this *World*,
Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry;
Such with a puff are oft to nothing hurld,
They get them *Wings*, and from *Possessors* fly;
All subllunary things uncertain be,
I ask them not, some better things I see.
4. 'Tis not for Pleasures that are transitory,
VVhich fill vain Fancies with a foolish Joy;
But for some Glimpses of Diviner Glory,
VVhich my transported Soul longs to enjoy.
Can Riches, Honours, fading Pleasures give
The things I want, whilst on the Earth I live?
5. The things that I am longing to receive,
Most precious are; O let me humbly urge,
That thou thy presence unto me wouldst give,
My heart from sin that thou wouldst also purge.
These are the things my never-ceasing Cry
Petitions for; Lord grant them ere I die.
6. Thy presence does more console my heart,
Then sweetest Honey, or the Honey-Comb:
I will (with *Mary*) chuse the better part
'Tis Sin my Soul would be delivered from:
Then thy Name in Songs will magnifie,
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.
7. Let thy good Spirit be my blessed Guide,
And in thy House let me for ever dwell;
From Gospel Truths; O let me never slide,
Nor find my Conscience like another Hell:
And thy Name for evermore shall praise
And happy be when I shall end my Days.

8. Lord

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 115

8. Lord, whatsoever my Estate is here,
VVith sweet Submission let me be content,
VVhen I'm most troubled, then be thou most near,
And never from me thy dear self absent:
This will my prostrate Spirit highly raise,
And if I suffer, to thy Name be praise.
9. Teach me, I pray thee, that Celestial Skill,
My Days to number, as thy Saints have done;
Let me still yield unto thy blessed VVill,
And wait upon thee till my Glass be run:
So shall my Raptur'd Tongue thy praise proclaim,
And sing *Hosanna's* to thy Glorious Name.
10. O regulate my Tongue, and make me see,
How few my days are, and how short their length,
Let all my Trust be still repos'd in thee;
Relax thy scourge, or add unto my strength:
Bethou my way, my strength, my light, that I
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.
11. VVhen hungry, let thy *Manna* be my Meat;
VVhen circled in the dark, enlighten me:
VVhen I am weary, O! bethou my Seat;
And when Imprison'd, do thou set me free:
So fill'd, enlighten'd, after sweet repose,
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy praise disclose.
12. In time of wrath, when fury waxes great,
Bethou my Bulwark and securest Tower;
To thy transcending Name let me retreat,
And be defended by thy mighty Power.
Secure me till thy Vengeance is past over,
That I thy Praises may to all discover.
13. Let me with Patience run that blessed Race,
And from my weights, which very sore have bin,
Now set free, that with a swifter pace
I may the Prize of lasting Glory win.
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my Path,
Lord give me Patience, and with Patience Faith.

14. Thy Children are as (many) Members joyn'd
 VVhich make one body, whose Blest Head thou art,
 O cause them with an undivided mind
 And perfect Union, to have all one heart:
 Then shall I hope to see a blest increase
 Of Sions Glory, and of Israels Peace.
15. Thy Children have in many things provok'd
 Thee, but in Mercy pass Offences by.
 By Grace, O Lord, let Judgment be revok'd
 That they may live thy Name to magnifie;
 And I thy goodness will proclaim to all,
 And warning take, lest I my self do fall.
16. Remember Sion in her aking grief,
 She mourns, she weeps, and is in inward pain,
 Do thou in Mercy, send her such relief
 That she (with cause) may never more complain;
 Then (not till then) my sorrows will be over,
 And I thy goodness will to all discover.
17. O let thy Gospel through the Earth be spread!
 Remove black design, O let thy Grace prevent!
 Permit not them to grow into a Head,
 As they have purpos'd, with a full intent.
 Then shall I (quickned by a Holy Flame)
 Ascribe the Glory to thy Blessed Name.
18. I pray thee scatter our enraged Foes,
 And baffle all who proudly have combin'd
 Against thine Heritage; do thou expose
 Them to be tost as Chaff before the VVind;
 Preserve thy Flock from bloody Babels hane,
 Establish Truth and Quiet in the Land.
19. O God whose dreadful Judgments are severe,
 And whose great Mercy's full of sweet compassion,
 Destroy thy Churches Foes both far and near,
 And grant to me the joy of thy Salvation;
 Then will I spend the Remnant of my days,
 In Psalms of Thanks to thee, and Hymns of Praise,

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 117

20. Make haste to judge the Persecuting *Whore*,
Thy righteous Judgments quickly execute;
Let her so fall that she may rise no more.
O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earnest suit,
That I may see her fall before I die,
That I thy Name may therefore magnifie.
21. O Lord establish thine one interest,
And set thy Son upon his blessed Throne;
Destroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beast,
Let Christ his Foes to conquer now go on,
That on the top of *Sion* I may sing
Aloud, *Hosanna* to the Highest King.
VWhat thou, O Lord, hast to thy *Sion* told
Of Blessings that thou hast for her in Store;
Them once fulfill'd, O let mine Eyes behold,
And then let me go hence and be no more
In this disturbing VWorld, but let me be
Translated to a blest Eternity.
23. In all the course of my short Pilgrimage,
Be thou my Load-Star, let my heedful Eye
Be fixt on thee, that when I leave the Stage,
I may be fitted and prepar'd to die;
That when this transitory life is o're,
VWith Angels I may sing for evermore.
24. VWhat'e'r of any Suit thou dost deny,
Grant me True Faith, that I may still believe
That through Christs Ransom, when I come to dy,
A Glorious Crown from thee I shall receive,
O Lord of Hosts, vouchsafe me my request,
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will rest;
For having thee, all precious things I have,
And in the World there's nothing else I crave.

Jerusalem Sion in Distress: Or,

An Alarm to the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

1. **A**LL you that fear the Lord, give ear
To what I do indite,
There is a cry, the Bridegrooms nigh,
'Tis near the midst of Night.
2. Rouze up, awake, your Lamps to take,
And longer do not slumber;
You must them trim, to tend on him
Into the Wedding Chamber.
3. You Virgins all, to you I call,
What Oil have you in store?
If you have none, you are undone,
Then look to it therefore.
4. Watch then alway, Our Lord doth say,
None knows the day nor hour.
Watch carefully, for you are nigh
The day of his great Power.
5. With speed arise, lift up your Eyes,
The Day-Star doth appear;
Rise from your Bed, raise up your Head,
Redemption's very near.
6. Such as are wise, their time do prize,
Preparing for their Lord;
To them he will his Word fulfill,
And his sweet smiles afford.
7. But Fools do haste their time to waste
In sleep and slothfulness;
Yet such presume they shall assume
His Glory ne'r the less.
8. But they indeed on Fancies feed,
'Twill come to such an Ebb,
That they shall see their hopes will be
Like to the Spiders Web.
9. They still do keep themselves asleep,
And know not where they be;
Were they awake, how would they quake,
Their woful state to see?
10. You

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 119

10. You who remain so very vaine,
And in a formal state,
And all the while have got no Oil;
You'll mourn when 'tis too late.
11. You who profess, and not possess
The Truth in Life and Power;
Your state is bad, and will be sad
Before this day be o'er.
12. You have the Shell, but no Kernel;
The Chaff, but not the Wheat;
The Husks you take, and do forsake
Your Souls most precious meat.
13. 'Tis the last Day, O ! therefore pray,
And faithful now abide
Unto the Lord with one accord,
And be on the Lambs side.
14. Still have a care, and do not dare
In Babel to remain;
For if you do, then must you know,
With her you shall be slain.
15. Come, haste away without delay,
With all speed and endeavor,
Her End is come, her fatal Doom;
Therefore your Souls deliver.
16. You now do hear her Ruin's near,
Your Sins therefore forsake,
And you'll prevent the punishment
Of which she must partake.
17. All her Pleasures and rich Treasures
Hate as monstrous Evil,
Gods Word doth shew, who love them do;
Shall go unto the Devil.
18. You must remove your dearest Love
from Earth, and things thereof;
For this hath been a crying Sin,
Now cast it therefore off.
On things above, set all your Love,
Affections and Desire;

These

120 *Sion in Distress: Or, &c.*

- These things below, God will overthrow
VVith his consuming Fire.
20. Alas poor Souls! be not such Fools
To labour for the wind,
The wealth you heap, you shall not keep,
As you e're long will find.
21. You must not rest on Self-Intrest;
But wholly for the Lord;
He'll else at last you surely blast,
According to his VVord.
22. There are some men cry loud, *When, when,*
Wilt thou in Glory come?
But few repent, or do relent;
And pray for his Kingdom.
23. But such shall see, with them 'twill be,
As when one 'scapes a Bear;
VVhich being gone, Lyons come on,
VVhich do in pieces tear.
24. Subdue your Sin; for it hath been
Your greatest Enemy:
If that does reign, you strive in vain,
You must it Crucifie.
25. In every Land there's none shall stand
And happy be indeed,
But only those whom God hath chose,
VVho on Christ Jesus feed.
26. O therefore cry continually
For Christ and precious Grace,
That being blest, you all may rest,
VVhen you have run your Race.
27. The great Bridegroom when he doth come
VVill all such entertain,
And you shall then be happy men,
And with him ever Reign.
28. He'll place you high in Majesty,
Your Honour shall excel;
And 'Till I'll end, who am your Friend,
And bid you all farewell,

FINIS.

